Happy New Year

McGill Daily

Half Course Exams

Vol. XLII, No. 55 — Montreal, Wednesday, December 17, 1952 — PRICE TWO CENTS

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

Holly and Ivy

Pagan Traditions in Christianity

by Thelma Skoll

Christmas despite the many changes which it has undergone in the course of centuries, is still the most popular festival in the Christian world.

Old Christmas customs, many descended from the pagan childhood of the race, are celebrated year after year with undying spirit. The Christmas tree, green garlands, the mystic fire and lights, the spirit of giving and receiving—what would Christmas be without these age-old customs.

When Christmas first arose it was a purely spiritual festival with none of the gaiety which it now possesses. It was a fast of the senses and a feast of the soul, but it was not to remain so. Through contact with the festive environments in which it grew up it became both a merriment and a reverent remembrance of the Christchild.

Christmas, whether it is the French Noel or the German Weihnacht, means the same to all people of the Christian faith, although the customs surrounding this holiday differ in many countries.

It is almost inconceivable for us to imagine Christmas without evergreens. The tree, holly, ivy, mistletoe and rosemary have entwined themselves about the festivities of the season.

The presence of evergreen has its roots in the profound reverence which pagans had for all natural phenomena. It has been suggested that the original purpose of bringing these sprigs into the house at the time of the winter festival was to bring good luck into the household in the New Year.

Under the influence of Christian thought and sentiment, holly, with all its festive significance, became very sacred. Ivy, on the other hand, uable to break from its Bacchanalian bacground, remained for a longer time on the pagan level. It was later made more dignified through its ssociation in Italy with the Madonna and her Child.

The mistletoe is, perhaps, the fullest of romantic significance of all evergreens) Ancient Britons and Scandinavians believed in the unending protective and curative virtues of this plant when placed over the doors of their dwellings.

But what has happened to the romatic rosemary? Once the choicest of Christmas decorations, it had many tender ties with the festival. During Victorian times, however, it was allowed to drop completely out of Christmas and the reason for this remains a mystery.

The Chriestmas tree, especially to the younger folk, is above all else the brightest jewel in the home at this festive season.

Its origin is a subject of considerable doubt, though it is in some sense a survival of primitive tree worship. In its modern form the Christmas tree is entirely the creation of Christian thought and sentiment.

In modern times, the origin of the domestic Christmas tree in Germany is popularly attributed to Martin Luther. Luther, it is said, set up in his home a tree illuminated with numerous candles to represent the gracious heavens that sent forth the little Lord Jesus on the first Weihnacht. Even today, the Christmas tree remains the crowning glory of the German household at Christmas time.

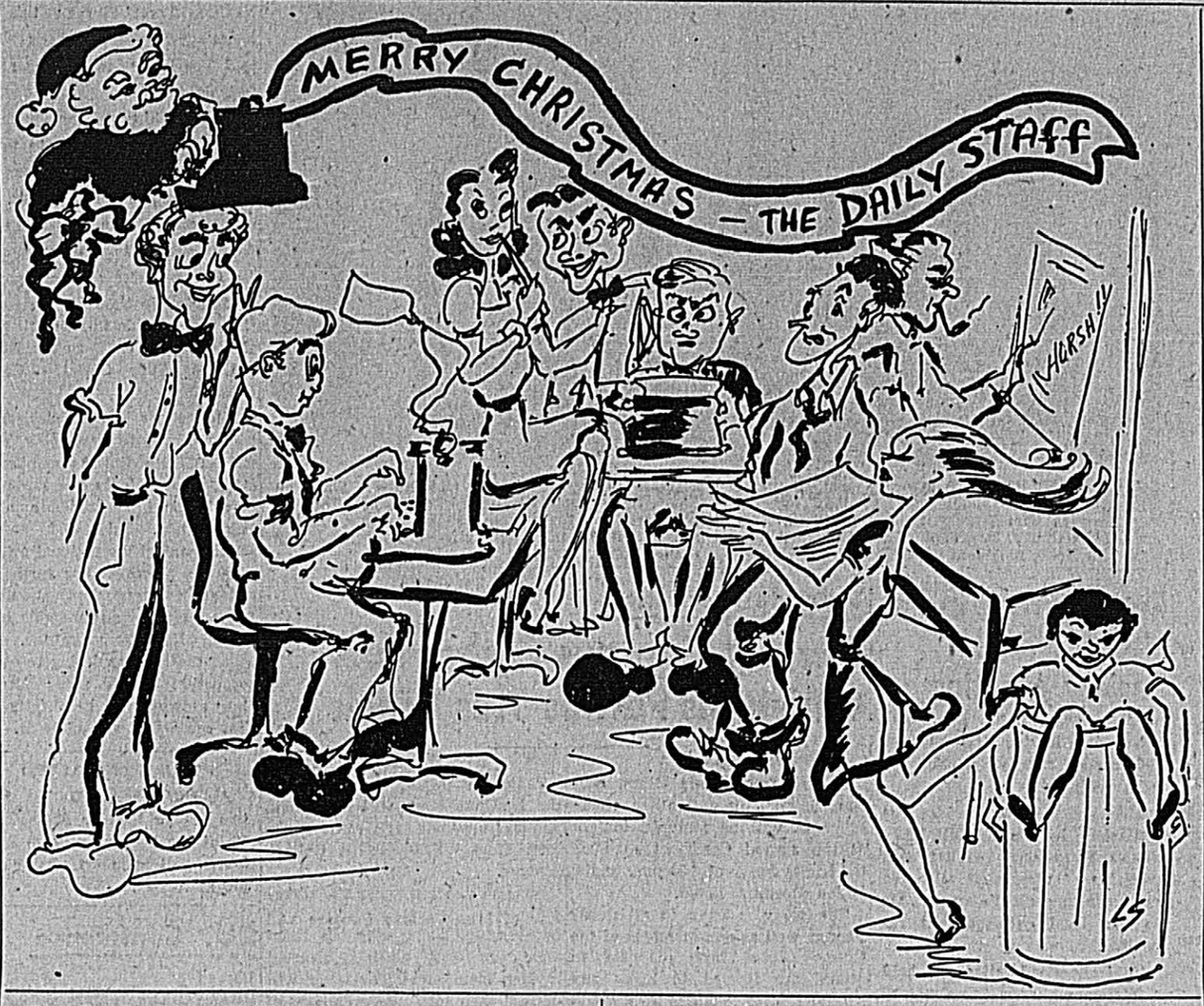
The burning heart of the season is the Yule Log and fire in the fireplace.

The Yule Log is the living symbol of all the warm emotions and bright thoughts appropriate to the time. Within the sphere of its genial warmth, old wrongs and families alieniated through jealousy or strife are all corrected.

The kind of wood used for the Yule Log varies a good deal in different parts of Europe and even in the same country; but as a rule it consists of oak, pine, ash or olive. The bringing in of the Yule Log is everywhere a joyous occasion accompanied with much fun and frolic especially among the younger members of the family.

For a long time the wood fire was the only form of illumination in the home. The practice of putting burning candles in the window came later and is a continuation of an Irish custom bound up with the thought of the Christ Child out in the cold and dark and requiring to be lighted on His way. In Norway they were conceived to radiate blessing.

This the traditions of Christmas are bound up with the use of evergreens in the home, and Christmas remains this year as ever the time for family gatherings around the old fireside and the blending of voices in familiar carols.



Hoo McFiggin's Christmas

By Prof. Stephen Leacock

(From The Daily of Dec. 16, 1911)

This Santa Claus business is played out. It's a sneaking underhand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a person to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten cent necktie on a boy who has been expecting a ten dollar watch, and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the heir and son of the McFiggins at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a 75 cent diamond broach for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a puppy dog and an air gun and a bicycle and a Noah's Ark and a sleigh and a lrum — all together about one hundred and fifty dollars worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. Woke him up and he sat up in bed, his eyes whistling with radiant expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! Ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully, as he began undoing it, "I'll bet it's the puppy dog all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice strong, Number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo from Santa Claus." And underneath Santa Claus had written, "Ninety-five net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice brand new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the package was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol" said the boy trembling with excitement. "Geel I hope there are lots of caps with it! I'll fire some off now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs no caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a toothbrush. Yet, it was a toothbrush—a regular beauty, pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with the toothbrush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft and bulky. It had been too long to go into the stockings and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half-afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped, "It's a drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants —

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Reporter's Diary

The end is near . . . he, he, he. I look forward to the day when I can slam my notebook closed, pitch it on the cupboard and forget it . . . for a while.

And all will be gaiety and fun. Parties, Christmas, and of course, New Year's, and then a few days skiing and sleeping in late . . . ah, this is the true life.

How beautiful a dream can be! Can't you just imagine? Being able to slam the alarm clock shut and crawl luxuriously back into bed . . . nice and warm and lazy. No lectures, no assignments to remember, no tests to cram up on . . . oh, no! there is the pop of the breaking bubble.

Why do I let myself wander into such dangerous territory?

Let's be realistic. We have midterms.

But here are three whole weeks I can . . . three weeks? Did I say THREE weeks? Is that all? No, there must be some mistake, where is the calendar?

Yes, it's true, January 5th, midterm examinations begin for the faculties of . . . Let's see, why . . . that's not even three weeks, that is closer to two . . . as a matter of fact it IS two!

That means I have 14 days. Well, I should be able to cram the course into my head in two weeks, after all, come to think of it, it is not really so bad.

But then, Christmas Day is out, and New Year's. Well, still 12 days. But if I know Christmas and New Year, the hangover will last a day more. Take two more days off. I have still ten left.

But I can't possibly miss Mike's party. Well no studying that day . . . or the next. Let's see, then it is Sunday. Work on Sunday? Impossible! Oh yes, then have to go up-north with the gang well, there is another two days lost.

Well, that is still five days.. It

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Christmas Cheer Modern Tradition

by Irena Wisniewski-Chenault

In all of our American and West European countries every one prepares for a time of holidays and rejoicing-Christmas. Whether they are poor or rich, almost everybody looks forward to it as a season of happiness, peace and joy. Filled with this spirit we forget something: there are those who will not know any Christmas, those who will not rejoice, those whose children will not have any Christmas tree. They are the people in the countries under Russian domination. Not only will they not dare to do any traditional Christmas Customs but they will not even have the courage to think about theb, for their children might start complaining aloud and that might mean Siberia. There will be houses where no merry colored lights will twinkle, for does it pay to be sent to prison for life just for decorating your house?

In most of the Slavic countries Christmas Carols are traditions handed down through centuries but they will not be sung this year. Silence will replace the joyful voices of men, women and children. No Midnight Mass will be celebrated in any of the Catholic churches, no ceremonies will there be in the Orthodox Churches. Any prayers that might be said silently will be said with lips trembling with fear.

The police and the secret spies will be on their special watch that

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Engineer's Christmas Wish



"... only 33 1/3% ..."

This Christmas issue of The Daily marks the first time that we have consciously striven, in a literary supplement, to obtain an element of humour and satire. It was found by the judges that the satirical element was more successful than the humourous one.

The entries, in general, were less pessimistic than entries to previous contests had been, while maintaining, at the same time, a similar qualitative level. They ran the gamut from sheer emotion and unconscious imitation of style to an originality which is the result of a true creative instinct expressing itself without having matured enough to be truly novel.

However, there was no entry which could be called truly original in respect to both theme and treatment.

In the final analysis, the supplement must turn to those who contributed to it. Its weaker points are their weaker points; its successes, their successes. It pretends to be nothing more than one outlet for the creative potentialities on the campus.—M.R.

Christmas At Sea

by Edith Paton

When I was young I worked as galley-hand in a cargo ship that plied its trade between Australia and South America. The Captain was a dour old fellow, who lived in an austere, grim manner. Now let me tell you about the Christmas I spent on that ship. Old Captain Duff said there wasn't going to be any sentimental fuss such as he would not stand for. No tree, no lights, no presents, no cards were to be on the ship. No one disobeyed that Captain. The men just shrugged and went about their business. I didn't like it though; I'd have made a fuss if I hadn't been just a galley hand.

The sea was cold and grey on December twenty-fourth. It looked a bit like snow lying all about us. We worked the same old routine, but it seemed duller than ever. It gave you a funny feeling, standing there on the deck, hunching into your coat collar and blowing on your hands.

The dullness became like that of a grey winter's day at home—just like it would be on December 24. The day dragged by rather silently. Towards evening we ran into the edge of the cold front. It cleared up. After supper a lot of the men went out to stand on deck. I went too, 'cause I liked to hear them talk. They didn't talk that night though. We just stood there and looked out through the clear, cool, air, at the moon rising, and listened to the creak and crack of the vessel as she slid over the steep, short, swells. The dishes clacked in the galley—apparently 'Cookie' was letting me off that night. The Frenchman on watch was playing his mouth organ over on the other side of the ship and the noise floated back. The crescent moon seemed to grow big and soft, and a light cloud slid behind it, making a huge, bright halo. It began to look like a celestial cradle, hanging in a bright glory, with stars doing homage all round it. Christmas came with the next puff of wind, that made a shining, rippling, pathway to the edge of the sky.

We sang carols accompanied by mouth organ and guitar. We sang hundreds in all sorts of languages and forms. Then the old Captain came out, and read us the whole story from his big, brass-bound Bible. It seemed to come alive on the sea before us. The cradle with the Christ-child in it was there, and Mary and Joseph stood watch over it. The shepherds flocked over the round bare hills of Jerusalem into Bethlehem. The sheep ba-a-ed, and the cows lowed; the whole sky was bright and we were so happy, all we could do was sing, as we joined the angels and shepherds and kings in their praise of the Babe. We could smell the straw and the cattle; we felt the eager, joyous people pushing close to see that bright and Holy sight. Sometimes we sang softly for the Babe, and sometimes joyously with the angels. What is it we have to give him? Nothing but our hearts. He'd take them gladly. We were so happy giving them. Yes—we gave our hearts to Christmas that night. When the cradle slid out of our sight and the bright morning star started to follow it, as it still showing the way to it's beloved Master, we slowly came back to earth. Some of the magic stayed with us. On the way to my bunk, I passed Old Captain Duff.

"Merry Christmas," I called.

"Merry Christmas to you," he said, with the only smile I ever saw him wear

From S.E.C.

We should like to express to each one of you every good wish for a Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with the richness of achievement and satisfaction.

We hope that you may spend this festive season in the warm companionship of your families and friends. Some of you will be leaving McGill to spend your holidays in far-distant homes, some will take to the snow-packed slopes of St. Sauveur and Mont Tremblant, while many of you will be enjoying Christmas quietly in Montreal. Wherever you are, we hope your Christmas is a happy one.

We hope, also, that the New Year will be one of health, happiness and success in full measure for you.

RUTH TAYLOR.
MEL ROTHMAN.

Principal's Message

United in a Common Aim

PACKED CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE

A happy Christmas to each of you, students and members of the staff.

Christmas means many things to different people. To some the memory of the Babe who was born at Bethlehem two thousand years ago brings promise of a richer life and a happier world while others, in urgent consideration of the conflict that surrounds them, hope for that peace which the angels promised to men of goodwill. Perhaps there are some for whom the thought of Christmas is patterned by the more recent colouring of Charles Dickens and Santa Claus while more primitive peoples in some parts of the world still cherish the folk memory of the ancient mid-winter festival that gave promise of another summer.

Each of these patterns of thought is sharply different and yet they are, in a deeper sense, very similar to one another.

Christmas is a festival of hope because it is a time of regeneration: it is the happiest feast of the year because it leads us to make an extra effort to add to the happiness of others. From the Gospels to "The Christmas Carol" the spirit of Christmas has brought joy to the world and I should like to express the hope that each one of you, sharing the days of Christmastide with family or friends, may find this among the happiest Christmasses of your lives.

A happy Christmas to you and, for all the days of the New Year, my warmest hope that some of your dreams may come true.

F. CYRIL JAMES.

Christmas 1952

by H. Don Allen

Beyond the thresholds of a hundred million homes this week, in family circles in over half a hundred lands, religious and social traditions from down through the ages focus the attention of segments of the population of every race of mankind on a happening in a small community in a distant land; an occurrence of almost twenty centuries before. What of Christmas in the light of the present day. In year 1,952 of the Era. Year six of the atomic age?

Essentially it is the same Christmas of 195 decades before. We worship, we give thanks. We celebrate—we mark the anniversary of an event which, since the first, has been, for mankind, accepted as a joyous occasion. But against the complex backdrop of twentieth-century living are the meanings of that first Christmas drastically distorted . . . in the neon-tinted artificial light of a modern age?

We worship. In a setting apart from social clashes and economic pressures of present-day life men and women pause in moments of solemn meditation, raise their voices in anthems of praise and thanksgiving, even as, long before, humble shepherds were to be witnessed "glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen" (St. Luke 2:20). And as then men of worldly greatness and power humbled themselves before a Child as they "fell down, and worshipped Him . . . and presented Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrhh" (St. Matthew 2:11), so, today, Christmas, for many, is an occasion of thinking of others of those less endowed with worldly possessions than themselves; a time of praise, and of giving.

Alongside the religious traditions of the Season there has been witnessed through the centuries development of Christmas customs of the family, the community; of every nation. The joyous aspect of the celebration has been seen to have parted from the solemn and to have adapted to traditions of the community.

Customs and symbols have varied from land to land. The spruce tree, fir wreath, holly, tinsel and greeting card have taken on distinctive meaning in relation to the feast of Christmas.

And such are the outward manifestations of present-day seasonal celebrations. But it is through reverence and praise, in mind and in deed, rather than through outward symbols of an age-old tradition, that the spirit of that first Christmas lives on.

Are we drifting away from Christ from Christmas and from meaning of Christian living? Many well versed in the theology and with a sound knowledge of the society about us have been seen to build up arguments for both sides of such a question. The present-day Christian's awareness of his inadequacy poses the question in the mind of the individual. And clearly it is there and there alone that the answer can be found.

He recognizes the essence of Christmas as love and giving and concern for his fellow men. Whether or not he has the strength of his convictions is a question fundamental to mankind and one that far predates the Christian era.

What of the reverence and humility of that first Christmas morn? Has modern society lost complete sight of the original meaning of Christmas? We see about us even in the present uncertain times a basic deeply-felt

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"God Bless Us Each and Everyone"

Held is Elected Union Secretary

Landslide Victory In By-Election

Alan Held, B.Sc.IV, was yesterday elected to the position of secretary of the McGill Union. Held defeated his opponent, Yoine Goldstein, B.A.2, by a majority of landslide proportions.

The by-election held yesterday became necessary when the position of Union secretary fell vacant on the resignation of Sam Harding from that office. Polls were set up in all faculties and schools on the campus and were open from 9 to 4. All male students as members of McGill Union, were eligible to vote in this election.

The Union House Committee now consists of Jim Robb, president; John J. Jonas, vice-president, and Alan Held, secretary.

Held, who came to McGill from Montreal High School in 1949, is in honors math and physics and intends to enroll in the faculty of Engineering on graduation from his science course. He spent one year at Dawson, during which time he was vice-president of the first year club and a member of the Intercollegiate Athletics Council. Recently he has been active in wrestling and boxing, has been on the Engineers' informal dance committee, and is presently acting president of the Bridge Club.

Held obtained a majority of 493 votes to Goldstein's 171. He held a majority in every faculty except music. His biggest victory was in Engineering where he received 237 of the 269 votes cast.



SCARLET KEY SOCIETY honorary members whose appointments were announced last night by Society President Jim Duxury, are shown above. They are Mel Rothman, president of the Students' Society; Jim Robb, president of McGill Union; Harvey Sigman, Editor-in-Chief of Old McGill, and Len Shaw, Senior football and hockey player. The appointment of these four to the campus honour society will be made officially at the Scarlet Key dinner, tomorrow night in the Union.

MOC Christmas Reservations Now

Reservations for the Christmas vacation at MOC House in Shawbridge are now being accepted at the Athletics office in the Currie Gymnasium building. The office, Room 3, will remain open throughout this week until 5 p.m. and next week until Wednesday noon.

MOC membership is open to all McGill students and may be taken out at the time of reservation. Rates at MOC House are 35 cents for breakfast and dinner, 60 cents for supper and 50 cents for lodging. Lodging is payable at the time of reservation and students planning to visit the House between December 20th and January 12th are advised to drop in at the Athletics Office soon and assure themselves of a place to sleep nights. Christmas and New Year's Eve parties are scheduled to add to the regular sports recreation.



There will be a rehearsal for the following people at 8 p.m. sharp tonight in the New Club Room in the basement of the McGill Union.

Martin Foltin; Larry Freedman; Sonya Weintraub; Marilyn Lipsey, Philip Chefetz, George Lazarus, Harold Pascal, Nina Schlesinger, Ross Campbell.

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There will be a rehearsal for all the people who have been rehearsing scenes in Act 1 for the past week. Rehearsal is called for 8 p.m. sharp in the New Club Room in the Union basement. The whole of act one will be run through at that time.

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More men are required for good parts in the Revue. Would those interested please come to the Revue office in the Union basement between 1 and 2 today.

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There will be a meeting for the following people interested in doing technical work for the Revue this year, at 1 p.m. on Thusday in the Revue office in the Union basement. Any others desiring to do this type of work are welcome. Neil Madden, technical director will be in attendance.

Allan Wainberg, Dave Oberman, Ronald Notkin, Neil Jonas, Vivian Wasserman, Terry Kern, Marlyn Roll, Ann Friedman, Isabel Pierce, Martin Litvack, Valerie Wilde, Ben Ostransky, John Hammel, Harvey Cooperman, Rachel Pelkanen, Irwin Sankoff, Cynthia Scott, Marin Rabin, Eva Bas-Kraus, Rona Fleishmann, Hilliard Jason, Walter Fogel, Hal Frank.

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There will be a meeting for all those interested in doing costuming for the Red and White Revue at 1 p.m. on Thursday afternoon in the Workshop in the basement of the McGill Union. Costume work will begin in January.

World Events

Ottawa: The resignation of Defence Minister Claxton was demanded yesterday by Progressive Conservatives and a full-scale investigation of the Defence Department as a result of the Currie Report.

Paris: The Duke of Windsor announced yesterday that he and his wife would not attend the coronation of Queen Elizabeth next June because it would not be in accordance with constitutional usage.

Washington: The United States is willing to loan a hundred million dollars to Iran if she and Britain agree to end the long dispute over oil properties in Iran.

Ottawa: The railways will receive a freight increase to cover the cost of their new wage boost to non-operating employees, the Board of Transport Commissioners made known yesterday.

Biblical Kings Contrasted by Dr. C. Martin

Dr. C. P. Martin, Chairman of the Department of Anatomy, was the guest speaker at the Christmas Hymn Sing of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

Dr. Martin started by suggesting the contrast between two kings. One of these was Herod, the ruler of Jerusalem, whose family were "blackguards of the worst kind."

The other king was Jesus, who was born a mere child. But too much emphasis should not be placed on the fact that he was a child — He was also a king.

Dr. Martin continued by saying that Christ was more than a king — He was a saviour, who would let anyone enter his kingdom who believed in Him. To the sinner, the Bible has only one message. It doesn't say "Be good." It only says to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved. "He so confesses his belief in me before men, he then will I confess before my Father." So said Christ in the New Testament.

Report from India Neurological Society Meeting

Allah Abad, India, Dec. 16.—(Exclusive in the Extreme)—A 176-year-old man is scratching his head tonight.

The aged local figure who was contacted by the McGill Daily Sports Department earlier this week as of press time still had not come up with the answer. Or so our local correspondent reports.

That cheerleaderettes also held a fundamental appeal to a man of 176 was one of the pertinent observations of Baba "Don't Rush Me" Harain-Singh. The noted local figure observed that he felt that a period of Seasonal meditation with his pet snake (photo enclosed) would enable him to recall more of the past and if the writer passes his mid-terms there's a slim chance of his observations appearing in the oldest College Daily newspaper in the British Commonwealth early in the new year.

—The Oracle.

Yuletide Festivities

Several Campus Clubs Hold Christmas Parties This Week

COSMO CLUB

A visit from Santa Claus, continuous dancing and other entertainment will be featured tonight at the annual Cosmopolitan Club Christmas Party at 8.30 p.m. in the Union Reading Room.

The party is open to all members as well as non-members of the Cosmo Club. Those planning to attend are invited to bring any special records to which they would like to dance. They are also asked to bring a gift worth not more than 25c.

The decorations will be in the Christmas spirit with the mistletoe and a large tree as centres of attraction. A singsong is planned and refreshments will be available. The party is stag or drag and the admission price is 25c for members and 40c for others.

NEWMAN CLUB

Tomorrow night, December 18, the Newman Club will hold their annual Christmas party at the Newman House, 2049 McGill College Avenue.

Spanish dancing under the direction of Miss Carmen Cordoza will be presented along with the Newman Jazz band, which is directed by Ben MacDougal. The latter will present their own interpretations of popular songs, highlighted by an imitation of the Ink Spots.

Santa will be in attendance, refreshments will be served and all McGill students are invited.

FRENCH CLUB

Christmas carols, dancing and refreshments (including punch) will be the order of the evening this coming Friday, December 19 at 8.30 at Newman House where the Société Française will hold its annual soirée de Noël.

All interested in the activities of the Society are welcome. The charge is 25c for members and 50c for non-members.

Co-ed Riflery Draws to End

For the last three weeks, the Riflery Range up at Currie has been resounding with the sound of shots. The intra-mural tournament, which was the cause of all this noise, has now officially drawn to an end.

Four faculties participated in this tourney. Arts, with a mean average of 98.2 per cent, was declared winner. Science came second, followed closely by the Faculty of Graduate Nurses.

Of the thirty-three contestants, Dorothy Nichol, with a 99.9 per cent average, was high scorer.

Things will now be quiet on the riflery front until after Christmas. A second intra-mural meet will be then held in January. The winner of this competition will play-off with Arts, to decide the final winners. These co-eds will then receive small letters.

Dance Set for New Year's Eve

As its final event of Nineteen Fifty-Two, the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society will once again sponsor a New Year's Eve Dance.

Tickets may either be bought in advance at the Union Tuckshop or at the door. They will also be sold daily in the lobby of the Union between 12 and 2. The price is $3.50 a couple.

Since Quebec Legislative restrict-ons on early closing does not affect the Union, the dance which begins at 10 p.m. will not end until 3 a.m.

Refreshments will be served and entertainment will be continuous. The program will feature a professional floor show, and two orchestras will take turns in providing music for dancing. They are Al Cowans and his Orchestra, and The Three Keys with Trudy Harvey.

Merry Martlet Christmas Cards

Novelty Christmas cards are now being sold by the McGill International House committee in an effort to raise funds painlessly.

The cards feature the McGill crest set upon a goblet pedestal, with the three martlets grouped at the top, partaking of the season's cheer.

They are being sold for a dollar a dozen or ten cents each, and can be bought from any of the twenty-five volunteers around campus.

Scarlet Key

Important Notice. Attention all members. The Grand Initiation Banquet is being held this Thursday evening in the Union Cafeteria at 6.00 p.m. Previous members are requested to appear in White Flannels and Full Equipment, as the annual picture will be taken. New members are asked to be punctual as the distribution of sweaters is one of the important items on the agenda.

The topics to be presented are: "Case of Ocular Retrarction Syndrome" by Drs. Lloyd-Smith and Kirschberg. "Case Presentation," by Drs. Aquilina and Elvidge. Reports on "Metabolic and Toxic Diseases of the Nervous System" will also be presented.

Continental Atmosphere

European Christmas Dance Will Be Held by Polish Club Soon

The Union Ballroom on Saturday will be the scene of a campus-wide European Christmas Dance sponsored by the Polish Club. The dance will get under way at 7.30 and will end at midnight.

Tickets at 75'c per person will be sold at the door. The dance is being held on a mainly stag basis to give people an opportunity to make new friends.

Sandwiches and coffee will be served to all present and soft drinks will be sold to all thirsty souls.

Dance music with real European tempo will be provided by a European orchestra. There will be waltzes, polkas and other rhythmical dancing (even South American).

The Polish Club executive has extended a sincere invitation to all McGill students and their friends, to attend this event. "With Christmas exams so near this should be a fine inspiration to study," said a member of the executive.

Biblical Culture Revived

Songs in an Oriental Strain Featured in Israeli Festival

An Oriental strain, reminiscent of Biblical times, is the dominant theme in the songs of Hillel and Aviva, Israeli folk-singers to be featured in the gala Israeli festival Thursday, Dec. 18 in the Union Ballroom. A campus-wide event, this concert is sponsored by Hillel and I.Z.F.A. The time of the performance is 8 p.m., and tickets which are 50c each, are on sale at Hillel House and in the Union.

The mass emigration of Jews from Yemen, Morocco and other near Eastern countries to Israel has had a profound effect on the culture of that country. Whereas the Western trend was dominant previously, the latest Israeli songs and dances exhibit a marked Oriental strain, exemplified in the songs of Hillel and Aviva, who are recognized in Israel as singers who revive a Biblical culture.

Hillel plays the Challil, the shepherd pipe which he made from a hollow reed that grows on the banks of the river Jordan; and Aviva plays the Miriam drum, made of goat skin stretched over the top of a clay jar. Both instruments date back to ancient times.

Illustrating the same theme will be the dances of the I.Z.F.A.—Hillel folk dance group, also to be included in the program.

Before coming to the United States to do a movie short on the subject of international folk song, Hillel and Aviva were widely acclaimed by audiences at the Dalia Dance Festival in Israel, and in Rome, Paris, London and New York.

"Billboard" Magazine says this about them: "Hillel and Aviva, boy-girl singing team, were refreshing and different. The girl has a simple pleasant voice and style, intoning each number in English. The boy has a booming bass. Performance was so infectious that audience came in time and again."

Because the concert will take place during the Chanukah Festival of Lights, it will commence with a short tableau on that holiday.



Hillel and Aviva

Choral Society Sings In Christmas Concert

Seats on Sale For Coronation

Special European travel rates and seats for students to see the coronation will be offered by the NFCUS Travel Bureau this year, Secretary-Treasurer Yves Pilon told The Daily in a press release last night.

Student ships of the Dutch line sailing from New York to Rotterdam will be able to accommodate large numbers of students, and others may obtain student sailings from Quebec to Southampton or Le Havre. Those students arriving in England in time for the coronation will be able to get seats for it, if they apply early to the NFCUS national office, Carleton College, Ottawa.

Pilon also said that posters and travel brochures describing in detail NFCUS boat and plane reduced rates, student tours and coronation plans would be available almost immediately. Interested students should contact the national office as soon as possible. For further information the student should see Denis Smith, or any member of the McGill NFCUS committee. Pilon urged that those wishing to see the coronation should apply immediately as seats will be strictly on a first come first served basis.

PRACTICE CALLED

An Intermediate Hockey practice will be held on Friday, Dec. 19, at the Forum between 8 and 9 a.m. All members of the team please attend.

Carols To Be Featured In Gym Friday Night

"The Night Before Christmas", "Sleigh Ride", and "Panis Angelicus" will be three of the Christmas carols presented at the Choral Society's annual concert this Friday evening.

The program, as in past years, is divided into two parts. The first comprising of mainly religious anthems, "Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring", and "The Magic Journey Far" among them. The audience will have a chance to join in with the singing of more familiar carols at several intervals during the program.

Jim Richie, of Station CFCF, will narrate during the singing of "The Christmas Story", which is a grouping of well-known songs woven about the story of the Nativity. Another highlight of this section will be Caesar Franck's "Panis Angelicus", with Fadiou Shehadi as soloist. Shehadi was the soloist in last year's Springsong during the singing of the cantata "Fair Ellen."

As an interlude in the second half, Stephen Leacock's "Carolis Christmas" will be read by David Kilpatrick. Also in this section, entitled "Tis The Season to be Jolly" are included Learoy Andersons' Sleigh Ride, a popular song to which words have been put, and which has been recorded by various artists.

The finale to the evening's entertainment will be "Twas the Night Before Christmas," a cantata that has been sung before by the Choral Society, but which is being repeated by special request.

Tonight the Choral Society will travel to Macdonald College to give their annual preview to the "teachers and farmers." They will leave the Union at 6:30 by bus and will return later, after the concert, refreshments, and a dance for all.

Miss Doris Killam, of the Montreal Elgar Choir, is the Accompanist of the Choral society, as well as being organist and choir mistress in Stanley Presbyterian Church, Westmount. Mr. Gifford Mitchell, director for the past six seasons of the Society, is Supervisor of Music for the Westmount School Commission, and organist and choir master for Calvary United Church.

The special group of the Choral Society, known as the Merry Martlets, will be previewing a few of the songs of the Friday concert, both today and tomorrow in the lobby of the Arts Building. These informal concerts will be held at 1:00, and are free of charge. In conjunction with the faculty of Divinity, the Merry Martlets will sing at the special service Thursday noon in Divinity Hall.

The concert of Friday night will also be recorded, to be rebroadcast on Christmas Eve from 10:30 to 11:00 on CFCF over the Dominion Network.

Tickets are on sale in the lobbies of the Arts, Engineering, and Physical Sciences Buildings, and are also available from George in the Union. The price is 75 cents per person, and there will be a dance afterwards in the BW & F room following the concert.

DAILY CREDITORS

All those to whom the Daily owes money may collect by reporting to the Managing Editor's Office on Friday between 12 and 2 p.m.

CUP Conference

Delegates from Across Canada To Attend Press Meeting Here

McGill Daily will play host to delegates from more than twenty universities during the Christmas holidays. They will be attending the fifteenth annual Canadian University Press Conference, to be held in the Union December 29th, 30th and 31st.

The Daily will be represented at the conference by David Grier, Mervyn Rosenzveig, Frank Shamy, Mary Draper, and Dale English. The Managing Board has also announced that any interested members of The Daily staff may sit in on sessions as non-participating observers. The sessions will be held in the Union ballroom during the mornings and afternoons of the three days.

The delegates will be welcomed to McGill at the opening session on Monday morning, December 29th. That afternoon they will attend a cocktail party sponsored by The Daily. Tuesday night at 7.45 the annual banquet will be held in the Windsor Hotel. This event is sponsored by Canadian Marconi Company and station CFCF Montreal. Mr. Gerard Filion, Editor of Le Devoir, and honorary President of CUP will be the guest speaker. Mr. Filion has recently returned from a trip behind the iron curtain.

Four trophies will be presented at the banquet. The Southam trophy for papers of English language with over 3000 circulation; the Jacques Bureau trophy for under 3000 circulation; the Bracken trophy for the best editorials, and the Le Devoir trophy for the best French language paper. A dance will follow the banquet.

The final session of the conference will be held Wednesday afternoon, December 31st. Delegates will be entertained that evening, New Year's Eve, probably starting at the Arts and Science New Year's Eve dance.

Arrangements for the conference are under the direction of the Daily's Editor-in-Chief David Grier, and The Daily staff in conjunction with the President Paper this year, the Acadia Athenaeum, and its editor, Wally Matheson of Montreal, who will preside at the conference.

Arena Workshop

The Arena Workshop of the McGill Players' Club reminds all student playwrights that plays for the March production of the Arena Workshop will be accepted up to January 20. For further information contact Workshop Chairman Harvey Lupu.

McGill Kerchiefs

McGill Kerchiefs are still on sale in R.V.C. These pure silk kerchiefs have campus scenes done on them in red, white and black. One Co-ed suggested that they would make wonderful Christmas gifts.

Thespians Needed

Final Casting for Hannele Players' Club Arena Project

A third and final casting will be held tonight in the Union Salon at 8.00 p.m. A full turnout of all those interested in acting in the latest Players' Club arena project is necessary if this undertaking is to succeed, a member of the executive said. The play is Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele."

Production is slated for the last week in February, and in order to achieve the best possible performances, an attempt is being made to cast as much of the play as possible before the Christmas recess. A cast of approximately 25 is needed so that there are many possible roles for those with little or no previous experience but who have a lot of interest and a willingness to work.

Norma Springford will direct this year's major arena production. She is considered Canada's foremost authority on this form of theatre and is especially well known for her ability to teach and inspire young actors and actresses. This will be Mrs. Springford's fourth year at the helm of the Players' Club Arena Show. Her initial success in Ibsen's "Ghosts," which won the trophy for the best play in the regional competition of the Dominion Drama Festival, has continued through presentations of "Naked" by Pirandello and "Candida" by Shaw.



Mrs. Springford

Player's "MILD"



ARE MILDER

Canada's Mildest Cigarette

FACULTY OF DIVINITY

Christmas at Divinity Hall

3520 University Street

in the

Chapel

12 NOON

Wednesday, 17th December—Christmas Poetry read by Dr. A. R. George

Thursday, 18th December — Carols by members of the University Choral Society

All members of the University are invited

McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Editor's Note

With this Christmas issue, the Managing Board once again joins with the Daily staff to wish all our readers a very happy Christmas and a successful New Year.

In our constant quest for news, the members of the Daily staff come in contact with a large number of campus groups, student-leaders and members of the staff. We hope each of them will accept our season's greetings not just as an official message but as sincere good wishes from a friend. For we like to think that these many people who help us find the news, who give us their help and their advice, are something more than just business acquaintances.

At this time our warmest thanks accompany our Christmas greetings to those many friends of The Daily who have pitched in and helped when they were needed.

To Mrs. MacMurray, the members of the staff, the campus executives and all the others who have been such a great help to us, our very best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year. To the letter-writers, publicity agents and others who by their perseverance and their criticisms have caught us up on our shortcomings and spurred us to greatest efforts—Merry Christmas to you too!

THE DAILY STAFF.

Satire Prize

Peace On Earth

by Karma

Once more the season of Christmas spirit and cheer is looming on the horizon.

In the shops the cash registers have all been reconditioned and the stock rooms are bulging with articles of varying utility. In the large department stores Santa Claus sits on his throne, a thin aneamic person, stuffed with padding and whiskey blanc, with a bright red suit and a green complexion. One by one the waiting children climb on his lap and try to tug his beard off. Santa smiles at them, breathes a dense stream of streptococci into their innocent young faces and sends them back to momma, bewildered and crying.

At the end of the day Santa collects his five dollars and heads for the nearest tavern. Ten glasses later he is recuperated from the ardors of the day and ready to face a ferocious wife and his own six children.

Santa is not the only one who is busy at Christmas time; the streets are packed with a merry throng of shoppers thrusting their elbows into one another's ribs, kicking small children as they squeeze through doorways and trampling the prostrate bodies of fallen fellow shoppers as they charge up narrow aisles.

This is the season when the student leaves the haven of lecture rooms and the Union and goes to work through the long yule-time nights sorting letters or shovelling snow so that he will have money to spend on Christmas presents for other people. While he is working he remembers comfortably that it is more blessed to give than to receive and he fervently hopes his friends remember it too.

Finally it is the eve of the great day. Through the streets roam bands of children singing carols and throwing stones at people who don't give them fifty cents. In the houses the families are at home — the bars closed at nine—and there they sit, round the radiator drinking hot rum and Tom and Jerrys.

After a while the little groups round the radiators break into the cheerful strains of Christmas carols and as the melodious music fills the air, one by one they pass out on the carpet, beneath the Christmas tree and on the chesterfield.

Soon it is Christmas morning, six o'clock and the moon still shining on the snow. Out of their beds leap the children, their bright angelic faces beaming with anticipation as they head for their presents under the tree.

In no time the Christmas tree is in wreckage, torn wrapping paper is strewn over the floor and the kiddies are shooting each other with their air-rifles, cap guns and Space-man disintegrator ray guns. The younger children are playing with their wooden battleship and bombing plane models, rolling them along the floor in an orgy of imaginative destruction. One of them has a dart board from the centre of which leers an oriental face with red eyes. The twelve year old has a new water pistol and scale models of tanks and soldiers. But perhaps happiest of all is 15 year old Philbert who is preparing to blow up the house with his Atom Bomb chemistry set.

And so Christmas day comes again and again it fades in the past and we mop our brow with relief as the last strains of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men" fade quietly in the approaching tumult of New Year's Eve.

Judge's Note

"Peace On Earth," a tragicomic takeoff on the commercialization of Christmas, is our choice for first prize in The Daily's Literary Contest.

The dry humor in this piece holds up well until the last four paragraphs, when the essay becomes far too grim. We do not agree that commercialization replaces Christ to quite the extent that "Karma" has portrayed; nor are all the toys on the Yuletide market as militaristic as chronicled herein. But the author's clenched-teeth attitude, applied to the shopping ordeal, gives us the best piece of satire submitted.

Second choice is a poem called "The Professor's Tea." It takes a jaundiced view of these sessions of cultural interchange, but the author has created good word-pictures of various campus denizens.

And an engineer's love-letter made one mistake which must be avoided where the university public or any other public is concerned: it is straight out of a maths textbook and buried any brightness it may have had in technical terms.

ALLAN BERNFELD

First Place

Goddess of Happiness

by Phyllis Webb

Glad-happy, locked in clay,
Goddess of Happiness
obese, self-contained, mistress of
all she surveys, is smiling,
launched, laved in flesh, flaccid,
this made-in-China doll, bald-
pated, heavy-gutted displays a
fine protrusion of belly.
She, placed on this work desk by
an ironic hand, rests her hand
solidly on her solid knee,
admiring this earthern meta-
morphosis, this meditation, I
recall Rodin: Contemplation of
form: consider the object: Head
sinks into shoulders, arms into
legs are fed, legs span the encour-
aged silence in her torso.
Down through the night comes,
thrums a mosquito,
(quick, black, small, volant).
obscene and violent.
I raid the air and smash down the
bug on the desk beside the Image.

Second Place

Small Talk

by Frank A. Bloomstone

I'm afraid I'm not much good at small talk.

You can rest assured, Yolanda, I'm not a psychiatrist.

I know, Barclay, but you sound horribly like one.

Yes, I suppose I do, he said, staring distractedly at the flies that weren't there. And yet somehow wishing they were. He wished that they were buzzing all around him. He wished the air was thick with flies, black, not white, but black and dark, and he would let her in, and she would live with him.

He spoke:

How would you like a fly-tent for a home?

She did not answer. She was rolling up her thoughts.

We could have one in the country, far away, beside some lake, beside some sea.

Romantic trite.

In abject disillusion street lamps are nostalgic. When faith runs dry then brightest nights are dark. When hope is damned, the sea runs still.

Then how about the waters, we shall go dancing on the waters, and I will play my flute. How about . . . ?

The hour is late.

. . . and I shall be rotting in vegetative death, and softly play my flute.

She grew impatient, in silence damned his tune, and glancing at her watch, she started her goodbye.

I'm afraid I'm not much good at small talk. Besides it's late, I'll have to say good-bye . . .

Third Place

A Point of View

by T. A. N. Kennedy

The concrete amphitheatre
Stands alone,
Gleaming white A
in the warm fall sun.

The flags fly high,
Red, White and Blue.
The painted paper sign proclaims
"FOOTBALL."

The smooth green sward
is picked and plucked
in readiness for the players.
The fans come,
Thousands.
With hot rum and blankets.
to yell "Yeah! Yeah!"
To encourage
To watch
To criticize
They are always smart—
when not upon the field.

The bands come,
Trombone and coronet,
Twirling majorettes.
The teams,
In precise and running order
with the captain at their lead.

Twelve in red and white,
Twelve in green and gold.
They fight,
They struggle,
Muscle against muscle,
Bone against bone.

Doctors rush,
And the water boys run to them,
Blood runs from the head.
A bone is chipped
A twist,
But the spectacle must not stop.
There are more players.

The day is over.
The game is finished,
The fans remark.
"They were a tough and dirty team."

The concrete amphitheatre
Stands alone,
Gleaming white
in the warm winter sun.

The flags fly high.
Red, White, and Green.
The painted paper sign proclaims
"TOROS."

The smooth brown sand,
Is swept and wetted
in readiness for the matador.

The aficianados come,
Thousands,
With tequila and cushions.
To yell, "Ole! Ole!"
To encourage,
To watch,
To criticize
They are always brave—
when not facing the bulls.

The bands come
Trumpet and drums,
Marching officialdom.
The caudrillo,
In precise and slow steps
with the torrero at the lead.

One in blue and gold,
One in black with horns.
They pass,
They stop,
Skill against strength,
Brain against beast.

Torreros rush,
And peons run to divert,
Blood runs from the bone!
The horns cut deep,
A foot is pinned.
But the spectacle must not stop.
There are more bulls.

The day is over,
The battle is finished,
And the aficianados remark,
"They had some tough and strong bulls."

First Place

The Applicant

by Marianne Macdonald

Mr. Parsons fell through darkness for some time before reaching the bottom of . . . whatever it was. He fell directly and startlingly into a brightly-lit room; he was standing in front of a desk, being examined by the definitely-unenthusiastic eye of the superior type of executive on the other side of that desk.

"Another," sighed the superior one in a neat voice. "Well, your number?"

Perhaps it was the neatness of the navy-blue suit, the immaculate whiteness of the shirt, which made Mr. Parsons, conscious of his own baggy-at-the-knees grayness, stand red-faced and dumb.

"Number," repeated the tidy gentleman distinctly: "the one given you in the outer office."

Mr. Parsons shifted from right foot to left.

"I'm afraid," he began with the nervous timidity of a job-seeker envisioning another wait in line . . . his voice squeaked and he had to begin again. . . . I'm afraid I can't have come in the right way, sir. I haven't got a number." He shifted from left foot to right.

"There is only one way by which you could have come," the other replied, "but never mind, let that pass." He lifted the receiver of the telephone on his desk. "Your name, then?"

"Parsons, sir, Henry L."

"L?"

"Lewellyn."

The man behind the desk coughed briefly, then relayed the information.

"Occupation?" he snapped suddenly, hand over mouthpiece.

"Civil servant."

This information, too, was repeated.

"Your dossier will be here immediately," the dapper gentleman told him, then busied himself with other things, leaving Henry to amuse himself as best he could.

Mr. Parsons took the opportunity to look about him. It was certainly a very strange office; it was huge, but the walls, except for several doors, were bare, and the room was absolutely empty except for the desk.

"Incompetence!" the other exclaimed suddenly. "Thanks to these unions, I can't get a decent day's work out of any of my useless employees any. . . ." He was interrupted by a tiny voice from nowhere.

"Dossier 13578633019-A, subdivision L 1-7th," it said. A filing folder appeared from the empty air and deposited itself, to Henry Llewellyn's horror, on the desk.

"You will become acclimatized in no time," his companion laughed. "We have the most modern form of trans-etheral communicational delivery . . . it's a bit complicated; we'll go into it later. If you will excuse me. . . ."

He removed the contents of folder and riffled through the pages, his expression showing progressively increasing boredom.

"Bah!" he snorted finally. "Another borderline saint! People

(Continued on Page 4)

Second Place

We Are Little Black Sheep

by E. M. Ralston

With a snarl of anguished outrage, he ripped the offending piece of paper from his typewriter, and flung it disgustedly into a nearby wastebasket.

In this as in every invasion, the Army had held true to its long-standing traditions. The office wastebaskets hit the beaches on D-Day plus 2. Holding true to his own traditions Geof Warren had snagged one by D-Day plus 2½. It was already well-filled. Geof cursed quietly.

"Don't be profane, Geoffery," his senior officer drawled, "it's not in very good taste. Besides, I've just eaten, and it disturbs my disgestion." He ducked, just in time to avoid the half-filled ink bottle which hit the wall behind him.

In grim determined silence, Geof (God's gift to the wastebasket) Warren inserted a fresh new sheet of paper into the infernal machine. With robot-like precision he tapped out the dateline, cable address and such formalities. His typing, as regular and unbroken as a teletype machine, sounded faintly incongruous amid the background of howling wind, and the far-off accompaniment of the rumbling artillery fire.

The typing ground to a stop. A deep silence fell, as Geof's typewriter abruptly ceased its clatter. The stillnes was broken only by the rustle of papers from the general direction of Major John Corrigan—Geof's immediate superior and confederate in crime. Geof was thinking.

He regarded his notes on the desk in front of him with unspeakable loathing. Written in his unmistakable scrawl—consistent only in its elligibility—they contained a brief summary of the Divisional Staff Conference from which he had come a short time earlier.

There he had had the doubtful pleasure of listening to a flock of brass-hats, intoxicated with a sense of their own importance, feverishly patting themselves on the back. He was now trying to start off a news story (using the word: "news" in its most laughable sense) based on the estimates that had been flying around as to enemy casualties.

As an accredited war-correspodent for the North American News Service, Geof's duty was to uncover and report the unvarnished truth. As Press Relations Officer for the 287th Division, his duty was neither to write nor to permit to be written, anything that might reflect unfavourably upon the army, or "give aid and comfort to the enemy." It was not uncommon for these two sacred responsibilities to be in direct contradiction with each other. They were now.

Geof thought. As the hoped-for but unexpected inspiration was not forthcoming, his mind began to wander. He thought of his home, his job, and his fiancee back home. Lost in memories, he did not hear the business-like ring of the telephone, or the low pleasant sound of Corrigan's answering voice.

him to the present with a sickening jerk.

"Which one?" Geof asked, fearing the worst.

"Not the Army," Corrigan replied, "though the Colonel has added his two-bits."

"Alright, let's have it. I wonder what the devil they want now."

"I'd better read it to you," Corrigan suggested grimly, "I wouldn't want you to miss the full

"Another love-letter from your boss." Corrigan broke abruptly into Geof's thoughts, and recalled beauty of it. Brace yourself! In a slow, sardonic drawl, Corrigan read: "Must have 5,000 words by tomorrow. Make it optimistic, encouraging, cheerful. Emphasize high morale, comfort, of troops—heavy casualties of enemy. Merry Christmas.'"

Geof gave a bitter laugh.

"Delightful, isn't it?" Corrigan remarked pleasantly. "Brief, concise, clear—nauseatingly clear in fact—and it has such a high moral tone. The Colonel had his little contribution too, of course. He says you can get information on enemy casualties from the Divisional Staff Conference.

Geof commented in language that is not usually heard in polite company.

"Precisely," Corrigan said. "But if you're going to strike the right note of optimism, encouragement, and cheerfulness like the man said, you'll need a bit of cheering up yourself."

"Yes," Geof agreed, "with soda, please."

Two glasses were procured from Corrigan's desk, and a clear dark liquid was poured from a bottle which read: "U.S. Army Medical Corps—Government Property—For Air Station Use Only." The soda was added, and the two men leaned back and commenced to cheer themselves up.

Within an hour or so, they were distinctly sheered up. In fact they were quite happy—in every sense of the word. The wind might be blowing in icy gusts through the holes in their walls, but they were feeling no pain. In a conversation which was getting more witty with each glass, Geof was describing his fiancee.

"I've given up women," Corrigan cut in, "too damn expensive!"

"You may be right," Geof conceded generously, "but I always look on it as sort of an investment. You pay out a lot, sure, but look what you get if you're lucky."

"Hell of an investment," retorted Corrigan. "You pay out more money than you can afford, so as you can marry the woman, and get the privilege of paying large sums of money regularly for the rest of your life. You don't even get dividends."

Appalled by this cynical attitude, Geof glanced idly by his desk for the half empty ink bottle, but discoverin gthat he had already thrown it at his superior, he contented himself by tossing an ashtray in the same direction. He missed.

"Anyway," Geof continued, after this brief diversion, "I want to send a message to my girl. If the idiots at home can waste good money to have bilge like what I'm going to write for them sent by wire, why shouldn't I be able to send an important message once in a while/"

"No reason at all," Corrigan admitted, "but I'd register it in someone else's name."

This struck Geof as an excellent suggestion, and he looked through the Army Correspondents Directory—which he possessed by virtue of his office as P.R.O.—and selected a suitable name. He then typed out a message, registered it for this unknown reporter, and sent it into the Sigs Office for transmission.

Feeling that this was a good job well done, Geof sat back. Within five minutes, the telephone rang. Corrigan answered.

"It's the Colonel," he whispered to Geof. "He wants to speak to you."

I don't know what the World's Record for the Sitting High Jump is, but I would place my money on Geof Warren as a prime contender. Suddenly his brilliant inspiration in which he defrauded his company, the telegraph company, some unknown war-correspondent, and probably the Government of the United States, seemed less brilliant and less of an inspiration. He wished he had taken the elementary precaution of seeing that the man whose name he had so lightly taken in vain, was either dead or conveniently far away.

Pale and fearful, he approached the phone. The Colonel's brisk voice—full of military efficiency, resounded in his ear.

"Warren. That story, have you written it?"

"Not yet sir." Geof hoped that his relief was not too audible.

"Well damn it man! Hurry up. I got another wire from the collection of imbeciles who are paying your salary, and they want to know where in hell your piece is."

"I'll write it now and put it on the wires myself, sir."

The Colonel hung up, leaving Geof confronted once more with the awful problem. He inserted a piece of paper into his typewriter.

"I have a suggestion," Corrigan said.

"Let's hear it."

"You are a registered censor for the Army, aren't you?"

"So what?"

"You don't want to write this collection of drivel for your head office, do you?"

"How did you guess?"

"Never mind that. Why don't you send them a few disjointed sentences liberally mixed with "censored" passaged?"

"Major Corrigan, you are a genius," said Geof gratefully.

So it was that the North American News Service received a story from their star correspondent in which an estimated 90% of the material was censored, and the other 10% was completely meaningless. So it was that a certain young lady got a long telegram from her fiancee which was not censored at all, and which was packed with meaning.

Third Place

Personal

by Guy Mersereau

I stepped out of the office for a minute to get a drink of water. Funny how quiet and deserted the hall seemed. As I returned to the racket and clatter of the office I noticed a couple of the boys clustered around Bob Neilson's desk looking at the morning paper. They were laughing about something there so I walked over. Frank, one of the guys there, said to me, "Hey Ed; look at this," indicating a classified ad in the column marked Personal.

I couldn't help chuckling some as I read, "INTELLIGENT middle aged woman wanted by man of forty-five to act as wife. Must be sociable and willing to do simple household duties. Sex not necessary."

By this time the other three guys were all peering at the sports page. I was about to join them when Mr. Stark, the office supervisor, walked in and we had to scatter. On the way to my desk I passed Tom Hedley, his long scrawny form bent over one of the filing drawers. I didn't say anything to him because he's a quiet sort of guy and seems to want to stay that way.

I was surprised, then, when Tom came up to me as I was getting ready to go at noon.

"Want to come with me to Russel's Steak House?" he said nervously fingering his carefully knotted tie.

I figured there was nothing to lose, so I said "Okay be me. Let's go."

I waited while he adjusted his custom-tailored pin stripe jacket in the mirror. Then we took the elevator down in silence. As we stepped out of the building into the brisk coolness of the street I said, "well, how have things been with you lately?"

He answered hollowly "Oh, pretty much the same as ever."

And I knew how that had been. A couple of years ago he had been a sort of friend of the family. It was more out of pity for him than anything else, for he kept telling us what a miserably lonesome life he had in town. He had few friends and the only place he could call his own was a little apartment in the middle of town. Once he had shown me his apartment, a single room squeezed into a corner on the fourth floor of a shabby-looking grey building. It was here that he spent his long evenings and endless weekends. On one side of the room were three closets, one for clothes, the other two equipped as kitchen and bathroom. In the kitchen, cupboards, a gas burner, a small icebox, and a sink left little room for the occupant. The bathroom space was half taken up with a miniature bathtub, and anyone sitting on the toilet on one side of the room could almost wash in the basin on the other side. The main room was shabbily furnished with a bed, dresser, table, chairs, bookcase, and an ornate floor lamp. The walls were embellished with numerous bizarre but colorful paintings. The bookcase off in one corner held eight or ten books, the rest of the space being taken up with various pottery nicknacks. Several shirts were hanging on one of the chairs and one of his large collection of ties was draped over the bathroom doorknob.

As we were walking towards Russel's I tried to discuss something that would interest Tom. "I wonder if old Jenkins is going to clamp down on visits to the Koffy-Bar from our office like he said," I began.

"I don't know."

We went on awhile in silence and then I tried again. "Do you think they'll ever do anything about a subway for this town?"

"Hard to say."

"You should have seen the ad some lonesome character put in today's paper." And I repeated the content of the ad as accurately as I could.

Tom didn't seem particularly amused. In fact he didn't say anything, so I let it ride.

By this time we had arrived at Russel's Steak House, and we lost no time getting a table. While we were waiting for our orders I began to wonder why Tom had wanted my company at this time. Probably sensing my thought, Tom lifted his rather tired eyes to me and said, "I'm moving into a new apartment."

"That's nice," I said, "but what's the matter with your old one? Didn't Bertha like it?"

"Bertha? I was washed up with her long ago. Too tubby and old-maidish."

I remembered getting a glowing description of Bertha about a year ago, but I'd heard of others so I said, "Well what about the one with the Cadillac?"

"You know who the Cadillac belonged to? Some other guy she was going with at the same time. She didn't string me along any more after that. Anyway she was too snooty for me."

"Okay, but what's the matter with all the other babes you used to tell me about?"

(Continued on Page 4)

Honourable Mention

The Scar

by Thomas J. Sullivan

Siberia is not a pretty country. Old Michael, who labored for twenty-seven years in the salt mines could tell you that. If you looked at the deep marks of the many lashings across his sturdy back, and the hard callouses on his wrinkled hands, you would know too, that slave labor in the salt mines is not a pretty job.

Michael's hair was white now, but he could still recall his little farm near Petropavlovsk, his smiling wife, Anna, and his little son, Andrei. Andrei was six when they took Michael away. In the warm harvest season, he used to go out into the brown fields with his father. Sometimes Michael would let the boy try to handle the big wooden scythe, laughing at the little one's efforts to fall the ripe wheat with the clean sweeps of his father.

Anna never forgave Michael for having taken Andrei with him that hot August afternoon, when the trees were so dry and the cicadas were singing for rain. Michael had given in to the little boy's pleadings. He had let him carry the old hardwood pail full of cool spring water, and the big ladle that his grandfather had used. Anna stood watching from the doorway of the little frame farmhouse as the two walked over the hill together, little Andrei carrying the bucket, and big Michael with the heavy scythe over his shoulder.

That afternoon had been an unfortunate one for the boy. He had run off to play along the edge of a rocky, dried-up little stream, unaware of the shifting and loose nature of its banks. Michael heard his cry and came running to the stream. Andrei had already clambered onto solid ground, but in falling, a sharp rock had pierced his cheek, and blood was flowing from a deep gash between his left ear and eye.

Anna put flaxen compresses on Andrei's cheek. Soon he was able to play again in back of the farmhouse with his little brown dog that had no tail. But there remained a bad scar on Andrei's face which never healed. He was always very conscious of it, and when Nicolai Shavitch, who was Michael's best friend, his wife Olga, and their little son Dimitri came to visit the family, Andrei would always sit with his left side nearest the wall, hoping that Dimitri would not see the scar and ask about it.

It was raining today, and black muddy water was seeping into the mines. The foreman walked up and down the damp tunnel with the leather whip in his hand. Sometimes he would crack it over the head of a prisoner who rested too long. The men had not been producing enough salt, and today the foreman was to be changed.

The men worked with lowered spirits, knowing full well that the new foreman would be crueller, harder than this one, who sometimes went through an entire day with the thongs of his whip tasting flesh only a few times.

Late in the afternoon he arrived. He spoke not a word. He only picked up the whip and held it tightly in his rough hands, not pacing up and down the tunnel as the other foreman had done, but standing motionless in its darkest corner. He was a tall, slow-moving man, and stood with his left side to the wall. His tightly clenched teeth betrayed hateful cruelty.

Michael, approaching, looked at his face and saw a dark scar on the left side. "Andrei!" he cried.

Honourable Mention

The Wheel

T. F. Storie

Helpless, requiring a slap,
The infant arrives:
Grows, whines and endures
Childhood mishaps.
Then adolescence, with its petty
worries,
Matures.
The product joins others
Caught in the hurries
And strife of the macrocosm.
Childbirth, responsibility and
misgivings
Trap the adult, and growing
fears,
Dismay and faults blossom.

The middle path is filled
With ambition, reward, despair
And false satisfaction,

Honourable Mention

Denn

by F. John Harris

Das Leben das Sie wohnen . . .
By F. JOHN HARRIS

The clean tang of sandalwood
Vapors in drifting spirals
From wall to curtained-wall,
Clings to heavy, velvet drapes
And hugs the soft carpet.
Scents of coffee treacly
Sweet, black and hot, burn
Senuously in the nostrils
By the yellow, flickering flame
Of a red candle
Glinting green on
A flask of Chianti—1947.
The musty smell of dust
Laid on dust mingles with
Dried sweat and caked dirt
Hangs on the air like a soiled
shirt.
Bare cold boards gape
Toothiessly and groan
Under grease-stained curtains
Flapping to the searching finger
Of wind that slips through
Cracks in the window-jamb
And gutters the flame
Of a once-white candle
Stuck in a bottle of Molsons.

Driftwood

by Dan Usher

Nothing much happened that night except that Charley was fired.

Sometimes you get the night off in Montreal but this trip we unloaded our grain right away at Elevator B and started back up the Lachine canal to Port Colborne. We lost no time at Locks 1 and 2, but there were several ships ahead of us at Lock 3 and we had to tie up.

The boat pulled over to the edge of the canal. We deckhands swung off the boat on the landing boom, slid down the knotted rope and landed on top of the concrete wall of the canal. We caught the rope heaving-lines and pulled in the wires. After putting the loops at the end of the wires over the round black spiles, we stepped back and let the steam winches taut the wires and pull the boat in.

Then there was nothing to do but find a plank of wood to sit on and wait. It was hot. All day coming down the canal we had sweated while painting in the sun. We propped ourselves up against the side of a warehouse, and stared at the lights of the city and grey old buildings that bordered the canal.

Earlier that night, Jim, who was always as gay as he was stupid, had been sitting on the steps leading up to Lock 1, the palm of his hand cupped under his chin. It was his watch and he should have been aboard. When I shouted hello, he didn't answer. For the third mate that was unusual. If it had been Angus, the first, who never spoke, I would have understood. But coming from Jim, the silence was surprising.

Half an hour later, Jim was on deck directing the boat through Lock 2; so I soon forgot about his earlier mood.

It would be at least an hour before we could move, so I climbed aboard to get a cup of coffee from the galley. That was when I heard Charley arguing with the captain. Charley was dressed in city clothes and the captain was ordering him off the boat.

The watch changed then, and the 12 to 4 o'clock bunch came on deck. They casually looked at Charley and, saying nothing, went to their posts—the watchman to the steam winch, the second mate to the wheelhouse, and the wheelman back—aft. No one really noticed; no one really cared.

Not that Charley, the wheelman, was disliked. He was liked well enough. He had come to the boat last season from a small farm just outside of Quebec, but he soon learned and now he spoke well enough to be a wheelman, a job that needed a lot of speaking.

When we had a night in Montreal he would go with the crew to the "Coquador" on Notre Dame street. He had the habit of ordering a round of drinks before the boys had finished what was on the table. Full bottles of beer would collect and before long someone would upset the table and they would break on the floor. No one minded. It was Charley's money.

Sometimes during these sessions he would get the crew into fights. He had a great taste for "gels" as he called them, particularly fat ones. Whenever he saw one he liked he would smile at her. If she was at another table with another gang, that made no difference. It was when he would go over to talk with her that the fights usually started. But sailing is dull and since no one got seriously hurt, a scrap was usually welcome.

Charley had his little peculiarities. He would sunbathe hour after hour — using up gallons of sun-tan oil. He would take out a mattress and blanket and put them on the hatches. When someone passed he would grin in pure delight. His French accent and mispronounciation of words like "Soulanges" annoyed the men from Cape Breton and Ontario. Charley never said very much. He wasn't like the wheelsman Mike, who could talk for hours about "Old Jake" and the deaths in the bad storm of 1927. But he minded his own business and got on well.

Now Charley was being fired. At the time I did not know why. I asked the crew but none of them knew or cared. He was getting off that's all. Sally the cook, later told me that it was because he had missed his watch. There was a rule that anyone who misses his watch gets his time.

The captain was yelling and Charley was pleading to be allowed to stay. I guess he liked the boat. As Charley talked his hand involuntarily moved to his pocket. He pulled out a spoon and started toying with it.

"Where did you get that?" demanded the captain.

"I don't know," replied Charley. He looked surprised and seemed to wonder where he got it.

"God damn you! You stole it from the galley. Lord Liftin' Jesus, get it back."

Charley did, and on the way paused back-aft to talk with Sally.

The captain had told Sandy to pack Charley's things and bring them out. Now Sandy came from the forward house, a suitcase in one hand and a duffle-bag over his shoulder.

For two months Sandy and Charley had been on the same watch and had become quite good friends. Sometimes Charley would let Sandy take the wheel and sometimes Sandy would join Charley sun-bathing. When the boat passed Cornwall they would sit together at the rail, watching the row of houses and shouting to the girls that passed by. Last trip they both got the night off in Montreal.

But now they just looked at each other indifferently. They weren't mad or anything. Charley was just going. Sandy, a blank expression on his face, dropped the suitcase and shrugged the duffle bag off his shoulders letting it fall to the deck. It nearly rolled into the canal, But Sandy stuck out his foot and stopped it. Then he walked away.

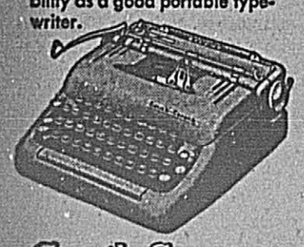
Charley's mood had changed since he talked to Sally. He didn't say a further word to the captain. He just took his bags, walked down the ladder, and went away.

Both Charley and Jim had missed their watch that night. The captain had decided not to fire Jim. He, like the captain, was from Southern Ontario. Or perhaps the "cap" just liked the man. Or perhaps third mates were hard to get. Anyway, Jim stayed on.

The next day the whole thing was completely forgotten. John was promoted and he took Charley's bunk. A deckhand was promoted to take John's place and they wired ahead to Port Colborne for a new deckhand. Yves, the French-Canadian engineer from Rimouski was grumpy that day, but soon even he forgot.

It was the way water fills up the hole made by a pebble when it falls into the canal.

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Queen Will Broadcast Christmas Morning

Like her father and grandfather before her, Queen Elizabeth will broadcast a Christmas message to the countries of the British Commonwealth on Christmas morning. It is scheduled for 10.00 o'clock EST, and will be carried on the three CBC networks — Trans-Canada, Dominion and French.

Honourable Mention

Tryst With Compassion

by Jean Mackie

This story, you'll agree, has no ending. Its beginning, timeless centuries ago, was in the first man who out of his wealth gave to a brother in need. Or, did it begin with the first man, who in his need, appealed to his brother who had so much more of the world's goods?

And then came the Words: ". . . inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

He would have to come this night.

Up three flights of dimly lit stairs and onto the landing to come face to face with three doors waiting expectantly to be opened. At least that is the way they look to me when I come up onto the landing.

I heard him knock at the first door then the sound of its opening, a brief mumble of words and the hasty click of the door closing. This same sequence was repeated at the second door only more quickly, and then it was my turn. The sequence was the same as I realized later but in the short time I had seen several things.

The one who had knocked was a "character," small of stature, wizened half-shaven face with tobacco-stained teeth of uneven arrangement coming to view when he spoke, a greyish turtle-neck sweater and a slouch cap well pulled down over straggly hair, completed the impressions I received of my visitor. In his ungloved hands he carried a small parcel of calendars, the top one open to view and obviously for display purposes. The brief glance at the picture showed a figure with arms upraised in blessing, a halo round the head. The background, dark and indistinguishable.

The words "No, thanks" were formed and spoken from my lips almost simultaneously with the reaction of dislike for these ugly and commercial reproductions of man's portrayal of the Son of God.

Somewhere in another compartment of my conscious being I heard this man before me say: ". . . wife in the hospital, five children at home. Madam, I must sell these calendars." It could be there was a note of desperation in his voice, I don't know.

My next "No, thanks" must have sounded more firm because he touched his cap and said, more slowly, "Sorry, madam, thank you," and turned as I closed the door.

His footsteps sounded down the stairs and after the front hall door clanged shut I went to the window on the chance I might see him cross the street. And I did.

As I said before "he would have to come this night." The rain that fell was wet slush and was inches deep on the streets while the gutters ran full. Enough wind blew to force the heavy thick drops against the window pane and wash them noisily down to the bottom edge. A night when just to be warm and dry calls forth a thrill of thankfulness!

There he was, sloshing hastily across the street and in to the next apartment house. Would the Samaritans be at home over there?

Inside the room it is warm and dry. There is light around the easy chair beside the radio. Soft strains of music come to my ears, as in imagination I sit in Massey Hall watching the Symphony Orchestra perform with such satisfying harmony. I settle down in the chair—mind, body and soul in great content.

Beside me lies a small magazine. On the cover, a bit of excellent photography in colour. The lighting has been perfectly staged to focus attention on the upturned faces of two children and their two pairs of hands—fat, stubby and little—placed as in prayerful anticipation. These are beautiful children, so clean and pink and healthy. They've never known want, that is sure.

My glance lingers, becomes a stare—and now the two have become five—but these are so different! These are mere babes, twins probably, and they sit there with a vacant look on their faces. The skin is dull-white as if there isn't much blood coursing underneath its surface nor has there been much soap and water passed over the surface! The three others are slightly older with perhaps a year or less between each of their ages. Their skin is similar in hue to that of the babes', and pulled tightly over the bones of the cheek and the jaws. The eyes are dulled and strained looking—they've known more stress than a child should rightly know—perhaps hunger, and a loveless home. Where is the mother and the father of this unhappy little band? Perhaps they are all in a foreign country, or in a displaced persons' camp. War must be horrible in its aftermath. The children must never know the comfort of a secure and happy home.

I guess.

But why five?

Slowly the eyes re-focus, the five become two again and they are still beautiful, and clean and child-like.

". . . my wife in the hospital, and I have five children at home. Madam I must sell these calendars."

Nonsense—that was just sales talk. Emotional appeal. Gets people to open up their pocketbooks and buy things they don't want. I was alone here. No telling what he might have done. Maybe he was just looking the place over. Plenty of house robberies begin that way. Probably spends all his money in the corner tavern. It's psychologically harmful to give those people money in such situations. It doesn't help them to help themselves. He can get help from family agencies if he really needs it. Or from the Salvation Army. I gave to the campaign for that purpose. He shouldn't have so many children if he can't support them. His poor wife—likely having another one. Why don't they tell these women something at the Clinics? What good would it do if they did? He'd probably leave her altogether then. Maybe they'd all be better off—who knows? Put the children in an orphanage and she can get a job somewhere. . . ."

Oh, for goodness sake—why am I wasting time on this hypothetical situation? And all that thinking too, when I've just got to decide what to send John and Mary's kiddies for Christmas this year. Soon too. I must get something away next week. But what? They have everything. . . .

I wonder. . . .

Satire

The Professor's Tea

by Francisco Fyfe

An Essay on Purpose

A great distortion, a contortion of sorts

Quid erat demonstrandum

THE PROFESSOR'S TEA

As is always the case
They coagulate in small groups . . .
To talk of this and that,
And mostly that.
There are the ravaged ruins
On the table
Attacked voraciously
To satisfy the stomach,
For the mind is at rest—
Stagnant should be.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
At 5, after lectures (and food),
Singly and in twos and threes,
They begin to drift in
With their coats and scarves on
They reach out and ram down
A stuffing for an inner appeasement.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
Here the discrimination
Of a medical student
(He rests his cup
On Gray's anatomy)
Chooses with an eye
For the protein content—
Selecting an egg and cheese,
Neglecting the jam.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
And here the astute Mr. Bakhari
In the metamorphosis
Of student to professor,
But more often taken
To be the professor,
notes
Those women who give
Reign to the natural appetite
Encouraged by the
Quantity and freeness,
And then is very wary
Lest these females feed
At his expense!
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
And there Prufrock of Divinity
Calm, Pale and Aesthetic
Nibbles ecstatically on
A cream-puff—
Performs absolution
In the remains of his coffee—
And reaches for the cake.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
While pretty Francine from Fine Arts
(Her drawing board under arm
And doubling as a tray)
Reaches out with the other
And handles a ham sandwich,
Leaving finger marks
In the crust.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
Patrick the poet with springy sparse hair
And knobby knees in soiled trousers
Angles out a bony hand
That encloses a ham and cheese on rye
Which he regards as poetry.
In RVC the girls sit
Awaiting the remains.
They all know
No
Great bonds
Can be forged here,
But a hunger can be met
With a food
Barren of thought,
And remember
A room remains
Tonight
And walls enclose them all
Too soon.
And in RVC the girls sit
Bolting the remains.
It was a great success . . .
And nobody recognised
The professors!

The Applicant

(Continued from page 3)

have become so anaemic. . . ."

Henry could stand just so much. "Please, sir," he said with a firmness that astonished himself, "I should like to know what this is all about."

"We are trying to decide your destination, you know."

"I've always wanted to see Paris," Mr. Parsons suggested, "if it's all the same to you. . . ."

"Very good indeed," the other chuckled appreciatively. "But we really must decide." He glanced through the pages again. "'July 7, 1913: kicked playmate; July 8: loaned wagon to playmate. October 23, 1924; cheated at poker; October 24: put winnings in church plate. December 5, 1927' . . . ah, much better! Some real old-fashioned sinning. Oh . . there, you did it again, cancelled it out with something else. And after 1934 . . . really, Mr. Parsons, do you know that you have done nothing constructive along the lines of sinning or doing good for years?"

"I've been rather busy writing a book on the aesthetic values of the Sicilian policy of Emperor Frederick II," Henry Llewellyn hedged shyly. Suddenly he realized what had been said. "Look here," he added, blushing, "is this an insane asylum, or what?"

"You don't know where you are?"

"I suspect the worst!"

"They must have told you in the outer office."

"I said I was never in any outer office!"

"There is no. . ." His companion remembered something and broke off. "There is another entrance," he admitted, "although we very rarely use it. You must have come in there! In that case, you face a shock, Mr. — ah — Parsons: you are dead."

Henry Llewellyn was surprised, but not as shocked as was proper under the circumstances; he decided that this calmness was a symptom of his present state.

"We are trying to decided your future home," added the other.

"You're not St. Peter?" Henry asked sharply.

His companion arched a surprised eyebrow. "Of course," he answered simply.

"You're not what I expected," Henry gasped.

"Surely you didn't . . . wings and a halo . . !" St. Peter spluttered, vastly amused.

"And a white robe, and keys, and the Pearly Gates," Mr. Parsons said firmly.

"We did have gates once," St. Peter admitted, "but they looked so . . . naive; we've discarded them, naturally. . . I was a wing-sy person once, but . . . the subject is a little embarrassing. You see, I've changed."

"No wings?" Henry Llewellyn sigded.

"Really!" St. Peter laughed.

"But you were a fisherman," Mr. Parson protested. "I expected you to be . . . oh, taller, broaded, and . . ."

"I can see that you'll have to re-evaluate your idea of the celestial dimension," said St. Peter. "We often get people like you. You must understand that we have to move with the times here. We . . . well, we're sophisticated."

To emphasize his point, he produced cigarettes, offered one to Henry Llewellyn who refused it, and selected one himself. He hesitated, looked doubtfully at Henry, walked over to one of the doors and bent down to the keyhole. When he turned about, the tip of his cigarette was glowing. Mr. Parsons eyed the closed door with trepidation.

"You don't seem to have changed it," he pointed out.

"My colleague, Nicholas, is old-fashioned about some matters," St. Peter admitted sorrowfully. "He insisted on one . . . decent, he said . . . place in the midst of chaos."

"Umm," said Henry Llewellyn sympathetically.

"We Directors have managed to have oil furnaces installed," St. Peter mentioned, taking a long drag on his cigarette. The smoke drifted into his eyes. He went into a paroxysm of coughing, tears streaming down his cheeks. Henry looked aside considerately.

"Can't seem to get used to these," St. Peter murmured apologetically. "It's . . . (he coughed) . . . a great weakness."

"Why bother?" Henry asked. "I never smoke them myself."

"Everyone does!" St. Peter looked shocked. "Why, you're nobody here if you aren't a chain smoker. Will you have a drink, Mr. Parsons?" He pulled a golden flask from a desk drawer. Henry, a strict teetotaler, refused. He thought that he detected the slightest grimace of disgust on the Saint's face, but realized he must have been mistaken. St. Peter took a swig, turned red, but did not choke.

"Thank goodness that's over for this morning," he murmured, forgetting Mr. Parson's presence.

"Why drink if you don't want to?"

St. Peter frowned fiercely. "Who said I don't want to?" he asked. "Nothing like an occasional nip to set a man up!"

"Do they send around every hour to make sure you're being sophisticated enough?" Henry Llewellyn wondered. St. Peter looked pained.

"Somehow I don't believe you'll fit into our little community," he murmured. "Which reminds me: we haven't decided where you're to go."

"Just where could I go?" asked Mr. Parsons.

"Hell," said St. Peter, "is rather old-fashioned, with few modern conveniences. I am sure you and Nicholas would get along quite well together; you seem to share a few ideas. Heaven is modern, sophisticated . . . in short, the best possible place for intelligent, congenial people. You've been a harmless person for most of your life, Mr. Parsons. I think I might leave the choice to you."

The shrill telephone bell interrupted his sentence. St. Peter picked up the receiver and listened silently to the excited voice from the other end.

"I'll see to it immediately," he said finally, and hung up. "Mr. Parsons, I have something very painful to tell you. I . . . I don't quite know how to put it." The sophisticated Saint was actually ill at ease. "I know you'll be dreadfully disappointed. It was most careless of us. I can assure you it won't happen again. I, understand why you did not come through the outer office. Mr. Parsons, according to the record office, you are not dead."

"I really must be going then," said Henry Llewellyn, marvelling again at his own calmness. He felt a certain light-headedness, and the beginning of a cool draught, or perhaps only the beginning of a lack of heat or coolness.

"And if you don't mind," said St. Peter, "do try to do something constructively good or determinedly evil before we meet again. There's always so much trouble with you borderline cases. And remember, we in Heaven never let a congenial, enlightened soul escape our company. Good-bye, Mr. Parsons, or rather, au revoir."

Mr. Parsons found a gradually thickening mist drawing between himself and the Saint, a mist which made the lines of the desk and the doors in the walls waver and grow faint. Suddenly there was someone else on the other side of the mist with St. Peter . . a cherub with a world-weary air which sat very oddly on his traditionally-chubby little face. The last that Henry Llewellyn saw of them, the cherub was saying briskly: "Morning inspection," and measuring with a golden rod the amount of liquid left in St. Peter's golden flask.

Honourable Mention

Eden

by Marianne Macdonald

In a high tower of hours
Wrapped in a sky the colour of bird-cry,
We lived light, love,
Where the clouds' swan-feathers swam
White through each pale night.
Laughing, we danced where the lightning glanced,
Skimmed hills and mountains, drank our fill
Of cold, white dawns upon
Upland meadows where the deep tarns sleep,
Thought, even, to run and plunge into the tawny breast of a rushing sun
And fuse to one, where nothing else might come.

Then like Icarus we rushed
Downward, the honey wax-drops spattered round
The earth-cold winds, moulding
A scattered monument to shattered songs.
Then we were joined to a young thief whose buried grief
Racked our two hearts; and we were part
Of the thin, cold helplessness of a gray man
In an empty park; and we were marked
By a cripple, blinded with the blind.
Our far tower
Faded and melted into the breeze-blue day;
Our wind-song flung only an echo to a forgotten wrong.
Love, was this loss our exile or return?

MARIANNE MACDONALD, B.A. 3.

Honourable Mention

Courage

by Francisco Fyfe

To think and then not dare
To face the lance of unknown Truth,
Because you fear the snare
Set by tricksters to dupe a Youth.

These are things best left behind;
Indecision weakness and self-praise;
And in their place comes peace of mind,
A man has grown, a man he'll raise.


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The Cracked Mirror
(Distorted Reflections on Life)
By Sol Tolchinsky

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO PROFESSOR GORDON AND EVERYBODY

Now's the time, for Tolchinsky (Sol),
To wish the best to one and all.
So send the spirits of the year
To Daily Editor David Grier,
To friends for years now Irv Adessky,
Alfie Segal and Ben Calesky.
Joyeux Noel, Monsieur D'hautserve
Gut Yontif, Pontif Pius Twelve
Professor Counsell may the Yuletide gladden
Though thrice he failed me in 1st year Ladin.
To Professor Gordon of Latin 2,
The best of luck to (me and) you.

A hundred shining Christmas trees
To Arthur Guttman and Lenny Wisse,
To Robert Bornstein who would like to fire me,
And a Newspaper Editor who would like to hire me,
To Bob Robinson and Ian Ross,
To Mr. Frishling my former boss.
Send some mistletoe and a dozen kisses
To Bill McCallum and Jean, his Mrs.,
To Raman and Ripsman over a Features,
To my pre-school buddies and my former teachers,
The same for News man—Alan Mindlin,
For the page he edits—it's perfect kindlin',
To a guy named "Punchy" in Philo. eight
Who answers "present" when I'm sleeping late.
Send a wire and an expensive flower
To Arthur Weinthal c/o Ivory Tower.

Some rye for Duthie (and the best of the season)
To put some "passion" into Shakespeare's "reason."
To Reid and Fieldhouse who teach me History
And wash away all worldly mystery,
Send them love and joy aplenty,
The same for Files of Eng. 220.

Peace be wtih you, Michael Yuhasz!
You has got but what a few has
Friends like Anderson you can't go buyin'
Pals like Robillard and Howie Ryan.
It's Christmas now so let's be pally
Just like Ashenmil and Gally.
Lift the goblet to Alex Balogh
A fine Hungarian and a finer fallaw.
For Cyrus Lewis and Johnny Jonas
An extra-special Christmas bonus.
To two Revuers Turn' and Vipe'
To Eddie Hill, who sets this type,
To Heft and Bloomfield, Gerry Gross
To Dinny Stern and Nina Schloss
I hymn a carol in the Yuletide spirit,
And hymn it loud so they can hear it.

To Monica Fonaberia, (a special dame)
A hundred bucks to change her name.
To Professor Gordon, (again) the best
Latin two, Delenda est.
Skol to Currie, Phelps and Bayley
And every staffer on the Daily.
Cardoza, Sprott and Mr. Woodhead,
Every single one a good head
Send them, send them, blessings many
Send some too, to Schwartzman (Lenny)
Send them, send them cotton candy,
Even some to Paytel (Andy).

Call Vic Obeck, give him greetings
Console him on this season's beatings.
The Waxman Brothers, Mur and Ernie,
The Rothman Brothers, Mel and Bernie
Danny Kingstone and Gameroff
H. Don Allen and Usheroff
To Bob, in the locker room up at Currie
To Frankie and Hilly, Harriet and Murray
To Lew Levy, Bornstein's yes-man
And Martin Goodman, Bornstein's bes'-man
To Professor Gordon (could he be bought)
Send them each a fancy yacht.

But Santa when you make your run
Don't forget that special one
She's lovely, luscious (plus more of that)
My bride-to-be Miss Margoe Blatt.

So pax tecum, One and All
Merry Christmas from Tolchinsky (Sol).



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP Christmas morning to find this snake on your tree, in your stocking, or better still, under your pillow? It is not unusual for Santa Claus to do such things in the case of students who don't attend football, hockey or basketball games. So you better watch out! That round Redman from the North Pole is on the prowl once again. (Daily Photo by Don Allen)

Early-bird Inter Hockey Squad Shows Practice Paying Off

By MARV GOLDSMITH

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." This old axiom, though perhaps overused, seems to apply to the early-bird intermediate hockey squad.

The Redmen, who have been practising at dawn for the past few weeks, have shown a great deal of power lately. In their first game of the season, an exhibition against Sir George Williams College last Friday, the Inters pushed in four fast goals after a disorganized beginning, to beat the Georgians 4-0.

Ross Hutchins, the Redmen coach, is extremely pleased at the enthusiasm the boys have shown so far this year in showing up for the early practices. He is also happy about the talent on display at the Verdun freeze.

A fight is being waged between Busby and Hamilton for the goaltending job. Both boys seem to be equally matched, and Hutchins has a real job ahead of him.

The rearguard line is well stocked also. With Taylor, Binning, Robertson, Henderson and Irwin all tossing the bodychecks with reckless abandon, opposing forwards are in for a rough time. Up front, the intermentor has Balizan, Levesque, McKeown, Huneault, Powell and Hamilton.

Along with the aforementioned, there are a few more players on the forward wall who should bolster the squad considerably. Snider, who is really going great guns, Bradley, a veteran of last year's hockey wars, and Kowal, an experienced puckchaser from Toronto who is expected to turn out with the coming of the new year, will all add a great deal of support. Leo Cahill will also show up after the Xmas exams.

The intermediates will have several practices during the holidays in preparation for an exhibition tilt against Clarkson on January 3 at Clarkson. The first regularly scheduled game will take place on January 16 with SGWC as the Redmen's opponents.

Rocky Robillard wishes to extend his congratulations to Andy Burt, the Inter manager, who is doing a grand job. It is almost a certainty that Andy will be senior manager next year.

Ski Days Here Once More

By JERRY LEVY

Ski days have finally arrived. No longer are students horrified to see skiers practising their Christies and Rhuades (not to mention snow plows) in the hallways. Yes, after weeks of anxiety, the ardent ski fans are finally out on the slopes. The last two weekends, skiers that did venture up North were pleasantly surprised to find twelve inches of powder snow. Because of the great expansion of skiing, hills like 69 in St. Saveur, and Scott's Slip at Mont Gabriel are so well-groomed that they can be skied on with but six inches of snow.

The question is then raised, since skiing has improved so much in recent years, what has happened to the great rivalry between McGill and such American colleges as Middlebury, Dartmouth and St. Lawrence. The answer is simply that skiing has not deteriorated at McGill, but it has not followed the huge strides of progress of its counterparts in the U.S. The best skiers of the United States and Canada are offered attractive scholarships, and easy jobs. Here they continue skiing under expert coaching on the school's own locations.

What McGill lacks is two or three outstanding competitors like Porky Griffen, John Draper, and Jack Valentine. The Canadian skiers of this calibre are now visiting in the United States. Claude Richer, Canadian cross country champion, is this years' captain of the Saint Lawrence team. Keeping him company is Noel Chauvin, one of the Laurentian zone's top "A" skiers last year. Peter Kirby, a Canadian Olympic team substitute is now skiing for former world champion Walter Prager at Dartmouth.

Some steps must be taken if McGill is once again to ski on a top level. The team will have to be coached by top instructors, with the best of training facilities, and will have to be given campus-wide support if McGill is to attract outstanding Canadian competitors.

SWITCHES TO SPORTS

Another literary figure has flown, the News-coop and has landed right smack on the best page of the McGill Daily—the Sports Page. H. Don Allen joins his confrere, former News man Pete Paterson, on the Sports-Features staff to fill out a battery of writers which would do justice to the Bard of Stratford-on-Avon himself.

Pete Paterson, Bob Bornstein, Sol Tolchinsky and The Oldtimer join hands to welcome H. Don Allen to the Sports-Features staff of the McGill Sports Daily.

the Sport CIRCUIT
Bob Bornstein

Open letter to Santa Claus:—

Dear Santa,

Well, I see the holiday season has rolled around again and I have my usual list of Christmas presents I would like delivered. Please make sure they arrive on time, it's extremely important. In fact, I don't mind at all if you subsidize a few reindeer as extras for the trip as a precautionary measure.

First of all, Santa, would you mind sending to good old Rock Robillard, one hockey arena (5,000 capacity). Also, some loyal hockey supporters to keep the Redmen from dying of loneliness at the games.

To Norm (Red) Ashton McGill's number one waterpolo coach, please forward some classy polo players of the Jack Novick type. Not that the Red water-babies aren't talented boys, but something has to be done to beat those awesome Blues.

In the stocking of one Victor F. Obeck, please place one little loan fund, no athletic scholarships, Santa, (I know how much you want us to beat Western, but no can do). Remember, Claus (I gotta get tough here) just a loan fund, that's all we need to beat those guys.

As for Joe Anderson, the original hard-luck coach, kindly deposit one seven foot eager (at least slightly agile) under his tree, and then watch Joe go.

Now, to Mike Yuhasz, the diminutive dynamo, one suit of armor will suffice, to protect him from The Crusader, who dared knock his compulsory program. And you can add a small note, saying we think his program is the greatest thing since Pete Robinson.

Santa, I would appreciate it very much if you would leave for Howie Ryan, whose rugger team is the most consistent outfit of all McGill sports, one copy of a certain Daily, which completely omitted his intramural schedule for the day, fouling up the works in splendid fashion, as a reminder that no one (least of all us) is perfect.

I feel that the best gift for Johnny Metras (for our purposes) would be a contract to coach the Cleveland Browns. That ought to get him out of our hair.

Bob Masterson (only if he's been a good boy Santa) rates a present too. I think he'd value most of all, a six year course, of some sort, for Steve Oneschuk, plus positive assurance that Steve won't suffer any more injuries.

Here's where your talent comes in Santa. I'd like you to write a letter to Geoff Crain, persuading him to take up either Medicine or Law (it doesn't matter) and put it under his pillow. Whatever you do, don't let him go back to Ottawa. We have no more quarterbacks.

It is essential that you make certain that each of the gentlemen mentioned so far (with the possible exception of Crain) receives twenty quarts of milk for his ulcers. Any coach who isn't cultivating an ulcer, hasn't done a job, as far as I'm concerned.

And for all of McGill's athletes, you can deliver to their homes, tightly wrapped, the old will-to-win, desire, hustle, drive or whatever they call it up at the North Pole. You see, Santa, without this, a team hasn't a chance to win.

Gratefully yours,
The Sports Editor.

P.S.: Oh, yeah, I almost forgot, we need some cheerleaderettes here at McGill, but I'm stumped as to where you should deposit them.

I know you'll come through for us, Santa. After all, you've been wearing the old Red and White for years now.

Puts Pucksters On Ice

By LES DALY

It's almost turkey 'n trimmin' time but the festive season brings no layoff for Rocky Robillard's Redmen. The puck pilot has scheduled three games for the hockey crew over the Christmas holidays.

The Rock leads his squad to Lake Placid, N.Y., to do battle with the Lake Placid Roamers. The session is a three-game series slated for the 27th, 28th and 29th of this month.

Not very much is available on the strength of the Roamers. They usually turn up with a pretty good club, however, and they are always well-stocked with Canadian puck talent.

Rocky was working on other exhibition tilts to keep the squad in shape over the Yuletide layoff. There was a possibility of the Redmen taking on the Crimson of Harvard in Boston but the arrangements about travelling and schedules could not be worked out in time and the trip was cancelled.

Of course the whole thing could have been simplified if the Redmen had had a home rink but there seems to be a general disinterest among the powers-that-be on that question. Everybody wants the Rock to come up with a title-winner but nobody wants to give him the equipment he needs; a rink to hold practices at convenient times as well as being able to have home games that will attract the fans to support the team

Anyway all that seems to be just wishful thinking at this date. Meanwhile the Rock takes his crew out of town again at the end of the month. Latest reports have it that the team is in pretty fine shape. Rearguard Frank Slavin has just been okayed by the medicos after a long bout with an infected leg and he'll be out there against the Roamers. Another one of the big four on the blue-line, Ronnie Robertson, has been on the shelf with a badly damaged knee. Rocky is letting him rest till the opening of the college wars on the 16th of January.

Taking Robertson's place on the defence-line will be big Len Shaw. The starry footballer has been out with an ankle injury sustained in the last game of the grid season but the big guy is ready to don the cheese-cutters for the Redmen now and will see action in the Roamer series.

The rest of the squad is pretty well set. Robillard has two men over the limit that he can carry which means that the holiday games will be the testing ground to see who gets the axe.

Hockey Rink More Important Than New Union—ASUS Debate

The resolution, "Resolved that a New Union for McGill is More Desirable than a Hockey Stadium," was defeated at yesterday's Arts and Science noon-hour debate.

Defending the resolution were Robert Staveley and Michael Butler, while opposing it were Gerald Reuben and Gerald Singer.

The affirmative stated that a new Union would serve all students of the University, both as individuals and as clubs and organizations, while a Hockey Stadium would only serve hockey players and fans, who constitute but a small percentage of the students.

A new Union would supply better offices for the Students Executive Council, Old McGill and The Daily. There would be a larger ballroom, cafeteria and snack bar, and a badly needed auditorium. Statistics showing the inadequacy of the present Union to accommodate the students were quoted: "the present building, built for 1200 students, now accommodates over 5000; the snack bar, which has 140 seats, now is over-crowded to facilitate over 200 students at meal times."

The negative asserted that a new Union is desirable, but not necessary, since in spite of its shortcomings it is there at the disposal of each and every student. However, there is no Hockey Stadium, consequently one is not only desirable, but also necessary.

The University is here to develop students physically, as well as to educate them, as may be shown by the qualifications for the Rhodes Scholarships. McGill hockey teams have very poor practice hours, since they have to take the time available to them at the Forum or at Verdun. Thus students have not been participating fully in this sport.



WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE A PIG of ourselves, but next to good courses with no examinations, we'd like to have a winning football team, a winning basketball team, a hockey team, a football loan fund, good coffee in the Union, Walter Winchell on the Sports page and Marilyn Monroe, as a cheer-leaderette. As for you up there, Merry Christmas!

Scribe Writes Ottawa Mayor

Miss Charlotte Whitton,
Mayor of Ottawa.
Your Worship,

We of the McGill Daily Sports Staff wish to congratulate you on your recent re-election as Mayor of the City of Ottawa, and to wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Though we may seem a little unreasonable, after all you have done for us, in asking for more help, nevertheless, the present situation here again requires your aid.

In the past, Ottawa boys such as Rocky and Gene Robillard, Ron Sharpe, Hank Sliwka, Len Shaw, Geoff Crain, Vince Capogreco, et all, have been the backbone of our Redmen football team. However, as we look upon the New Year, we can see the supply is running low. Therefore, your Worship, it behooves us once again to ask you to delve into your seemingly inexhaustible supply of brawny young citizens to help us to replenish our barrel of ballplayers.

If, your Worship, you cannot persuade young Mr. Crain to stay here at our noble Alma Mater and continue his studies, then please oblige by sending us another quarterback. Also, Dear Madame Mayor, a couple of ends, tackles, guards, and three or four line-busting backs wouldn't hurt either.

In closing, we wish to thank you in advance as we know you will help us out, in this our dire hour of need.

Yours sincerely,
THE TWOTIMER.

P.S.: Would you please place Toronto, Queen's, and Western on your blacklist and not send them any more players. Let them go to Hull.

LOST

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19
Admission 75c—CURRIE GYM

Personal—p. 6

"Oh, I had a little trouble getting rid of them for awhile, but they're all the same, either too awful-looking or too stuck up. I'm through with babes now."

"Well, all the more reason to keep your old apartment. It's kind of small, but I thought you liked it. It seemed to suit you."

"Well, I'll show you the new one and you can tell me what you think then."

"Fine, when can I come around?"

"Anytime."

"How would after work today be?"

"Okay."

Our orders had arrived, and Tom was already stuffing a napkin in his collar to protect his silk tie, as well as the lapels of his jacket. Now eating a meal with Tom Hedley is an experience that few people have had the advantage or the inclination to witness. The ease and speed with which he can demolish anything in front of him without lifting either elbow from the table at any time is truly remarkable. I watched with rapt interest while he slurped through a bowl of soup and smacked down a hot beef sandwich. Even intent on the business of eating, however, his face still retained the vacant expression that reminds you of people sitting in streetcars looking out the window. His face, neck and hands had a somewhat ruddy appearance, but more likely the early stages of prickly heat than the glow of health and exercise.

As we were leaving the restaurant I remembered at last how I could get Tom to talk. "Seen any good fights lately?" I said.

His sad eyes lit up as he replied with a self-conscious grin, "Oh sure. You should have seen that one last night between Togo and Igor Karmansky. Ed, that was an overwhelming spectacle. I thought Togo had it till Igor got his first wrist lock on him. Once Igor gets that wrist lock on anybody he might as well quit. In fact as soon as I saw it I turns to Joe Beener who's sitting next to me and I say, 'A buck here says Igor wins this bout.'

"'He's been taking a hell of a beating from Togo,' he says.

"'Yeah, but look how he's got him now.' I tell him.

"'Take another look. Togo's just got him in a body scissors.' he says., and he was just about to take me up on the bet but Igor does a corkscrew, gets out, and clamps another wrist lock on him. So Joe chickened out just when I could have made some dough out of him."

Tom then gave me an account in minute detail of how he and pals had gone for drinks and heatedly discussed the merits and demerits of the various contestants. Throughout the evening Tom had been the champion of truth and justice. He hadn't nearly enough time to finish his account by the time we reached the office, but we were about twenty minutes late, so he had to can it for then.

After work Tom took me to have a look at his new apartment. It was a little farther from the centre of town, so we had to take a bus. The neighbourhood was uniformly dingy with urchins in various stages of maturity playing on the street, being intermittently yelled at by their mothers, grandmothers, or aunts from the porches. The houses were all the same vintage and style, with two apartments on each floor and stairs on the outside from the sidewalk to the second floor. We truged up to the third floor to one of these to a neat four room job completely furnished.

"What do you think of it?" Tom asked.

"Damn nice." I said appreciatively, "But why? You were doing okay where you were before, and you'll never save any money paying rent for this." For I knew Tom was so tight he squeeked.

"I'm getting married," he said.

Reporters Diary—p. 6

should be enough. The course is not that hard.

Oh, well, maybe we can still enjoy Christmas. I wonder what I will get for Christmas?

Holy Moker! I still have to do my Christmas shopping!

There goes another day.

4 days to study.

Well, it is a good thing that I have only one ex . . . no, Prof. Jones did not say we would have a . . . oh, yes he did . . . worth how much? . . . 40%!!!

Well, I just hope that everybody has as merry a Christmas as I am going to have.

Happy and Lucky New Year!
See you at the Supplementals.

EXCHANGE

Will the person who accidentally took the wrong pair of brown rubber boots home from the Daily Party last Friday night please phone Eva, EX. 6740 so that an exchange may be made.

McGill Daily

The Oldest College Daily in the British Commonwealth

Member, Canadian University Press

Published every weekday by the Undergraduates of McGill University at 690 Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone LAncaster 2244. (Authorized as second class mail. Post Office of Canada.)

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McFiggins—p. 6

a pair of the nicest little short pants — yellowish - brown short pants — with dear little stripes of color running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there was something wrapped up in it. Oh yes! There was a pair of braces wrapped up in it, braces with little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck, if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy tales or adventures. Oh, I hope it is adventures! I'll read it all morning.

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had not seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of playing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his toothbrush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast-time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and his mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels sing.

Bach Music On Christmas Eve

The Christmas Oratorio, by Bach, will be sung by the Bach Choir of Montreal on the CBC's Trans-Canada network Christmas Eve. Montreal conductor George Little will direct the performance.

Christmas Cheer—p. 6

nobody practise any of the "Vatican Propaganda".

Excited as we are with the idea of Christmas and Holiday Time, it is hard for us to believe that there are people who will not have the pleasure of Christmas shopping, that there are children who will not receive any Christmas presents. School children and university students will not be able to sigh with relief "free for the next two or three weeks."

So in midst of our rejoicing let's be a little less selfish, let's devote a few instances of thought about those who are less fortunate than ourselves, and think and strive for a better world where everyone would be free to rejoice at a time like this.

Christmas—p. 6

respect for the Day and the Tradition that is celebrated. Today, never before, the preservation of the original essence of Christmas becomes a question of establishing the balance between the worshipwul and the jubilant and of ever-instilling into Seasonal celebrations day-to-day living the teachings that centre about an event that marks the beginning of a Faith and an Era. And to the extent that such is done we are clearly in sight of that Meaning.

TROY

Car ride to Troy or Albany wanted on Friday or Saturday. Will anyone who is going down by car and has room please contact Stuie at AT. 4225.

Coming EVENTS

Items for this column must be typed on a special form obtainable at the Tuck Shop and deposited in the Daily Mailbox by the Students' Council Office in the hallway of the Union by one o'clock the day before the item is to appear. The deadline for Monday's paper is one o'clock Friday. Only brief items can be published in this column. Each event may be announced twice only in this column.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17

AMATEUR RADIO CLUB—Last general meeting for the year. Discussion of plans for next year. Bring lunch. 1 p.m. in Room 614 of the Engineering Building.

COSMOPOLITAN CLUB—Christmas party, 8 p.m. in the Union reading room. Entertainment, dancing, refreshments. All members invited; bring your friends. Everyone must bring a wrapped gift, value not over 25 cents.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB—General meeting open to all will be held at 1 p.m. in the New Club room of the Union. Discussion will include activities for the new year and also a proposed trip to the United Nations in New York.

PLAYERS' CLUB—Third and final casting before Christmas for the major arena production "Hannele" by Gerhart Hauptmann. A cast of approximately 25 is required. 8 p.m. in the Salon of the Union.

McGILL CAMERA CLUB—Photo contest for prints and colour transparencies. 7.30 p.m. in the Union Workshop.

CHORAL SOCIETY—Final practice at 5 p.m. in Divinity Hall.

CHORAL SOCIETY—Concert at Macdonald. Buses leaving Union at 6.30.

DEBATING UNION SOCIETY—Interfaculty debate on "Who shall be dictator of the province of Cebeuq." 1 p.m. in the Union clubroom.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18

NEWMAN CLUB—Christmas party. 8 p.m. at Newman House, 2049 McGill College Ave. Dancing, entertainment, refreshments, 50 cents for members, 75 cents for non-members. Stag or drag.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19

CHORAL SOCIETY—Sing at Christmas. 8.30 p.m. at Currie Gym.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY—A Christmas party will be held in the New Clubroom of the Union at 8.30 p.m. All members and friends invited.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20

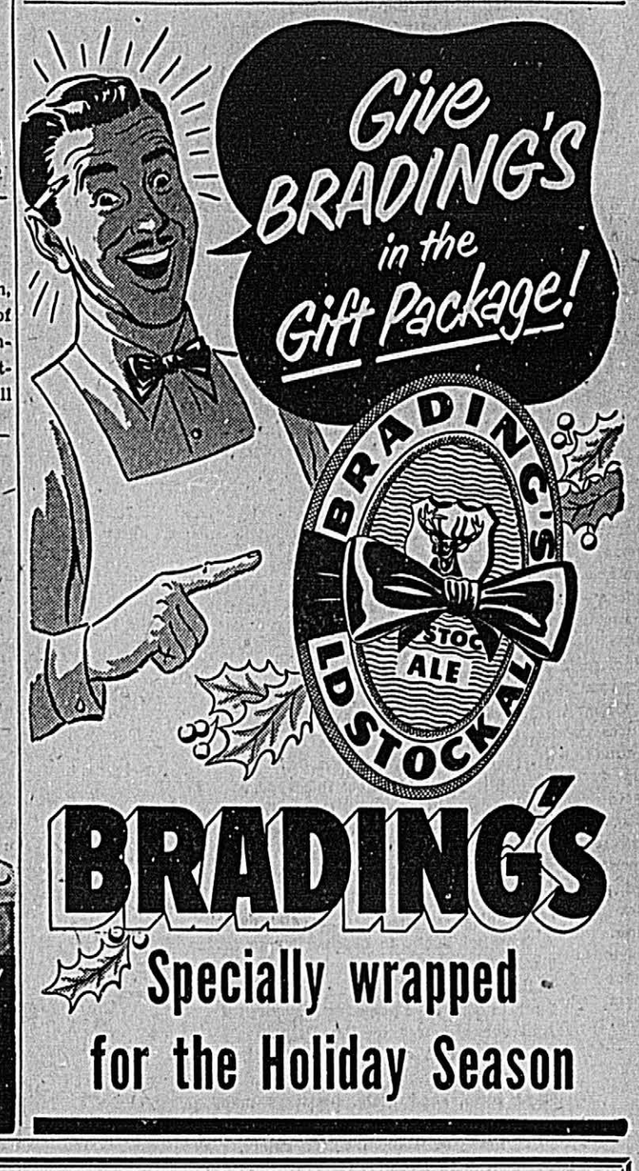
POLISH CLUB—Continental Christmas dance. Union ballroom 7.30 to 12.00. Orchestra for dancing. 75c. per person. Stag or drag.

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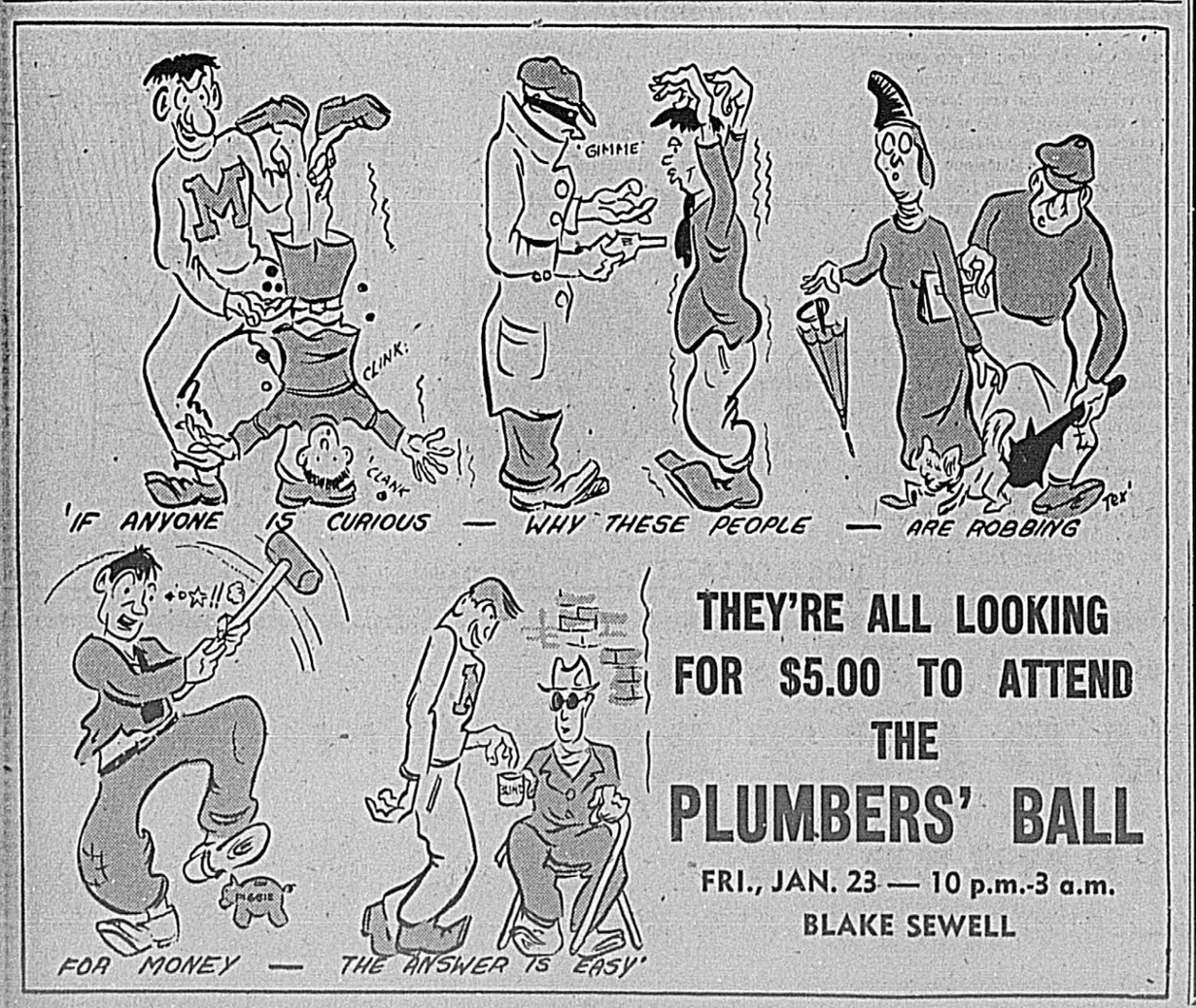
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